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15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 25

TOPICS OF THE TIME

- Pointing a Moral, 28
Polycarp's Judges, 28
Dominion Over Palm and Pine, 29
The Record of Life, 30

MISCELLANY, 31

POETRY

- Sunlight and Love, by Giosuè Carducci, 32

- Coventry Patmore (1823-1896), by Theodore Maynard, 32
Tax-Burdens and Prosperity, by Whidden Graham, 34
A Visit to Madame Pele, by Padraic Colum, 36
The Chicken-Woman and the Hen-Man, by Helen Swift, 36
The Wives of King Solomon. III, Fire to Wood, by David Pinski, 37
We Have Them With Us, by Albert R. Fiske, 38

MUSIC

- At Salzburg, by Edwin Muir, 39

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

- Youth and the British Liberals, by Eugene Schoen, 40

BOOKS

- The Dianic Cult, by James L. Dwyer, 40
John Randolph, by Louis Morton Hacker, 42
A Guide for Politicians, by R. K. Hack, 44
A Poet's Novel, by Llewelyn Powys, 44
An Amiable Amateur, by Witter Bynner, 45
War-Memories of Two Italians, by Helen Rose Balfe, 46
Shorter Notices, 47

CURRENT COMMENT.

DURING the fortnight, the world has gathered a rich harvest of disaster and it is only natural that attention should be concentrated for the time being upon the cataclysm in Japan. It is natural, for the reason that the losses incident to the incipient war in the Mediterranean have not reached the figure set by the earthquake in the Pacific—not yet; and again, the earthquake is what may be called an act of God, which we have only to lament, while the Græco-Italian imbroglio is wholly within human control, and therefore makes certain demands upon the intelligence of the commentator. The coincidence of the actual catastrophe with an international skirmish which may conceivably bring on a much greater disaster, is enough to tempt one to compare the acts of man with the acts of God, and to say once more that the forces from which man suffers most are those most completely within his control.

APPARENTLY the havoc wrought in Japan is rather less than that which results from a moderate-sized war—much less than one would expect from a war between Japan and the United States. If Tokio and Yokohama had actually been flattened out by bombs dropped from air-planes that sailed over from Manila, most of the people in this country would be glad of it; and even after the treaty of peace had been signed the official strength of these United States would doubtless be devoted to stamping Japan into the mud and keeping her there. Such at any rate has been the policy that has dominated the relations of the Allies with the Central Powers since the war. However, in the present instance, it happens that the damage does not arise out of an international conflict, and accordingly everybody sees right away that it is to the interest of good business and high morality that the devastated country shall be restored as soon as possible to normal productivity.

OUR prophecy last week is being brought to pass. We predicted that Brother Mussolini would be handed everything he wanted, Jugoslavia quieted by some sort of guarantee, and Greece left to suffer. This is just what the Council of Ambassadors has done. The newspapers,

in their playful way, call it "imposing terms" upon the Greeks and Italians; and when one peruses the "terms," one finds that they exactly correspond with Mussolini's demands upon Greece. All this is, in a way, a funny farce—one is immensely amused, for instance, by the New York *World's* head-line, "Italians Accept Terms of Council"—but it is such a shabby, transparent farce that one gets impatient with it, nevertheless. The newspapers take for granted that Mussolini will get out of Corfu when the Greeks pay up, but where is anything in the "terms" that stipulates for his doing so? It may be there "in principle"—we have no doubt it is; but it is not there in any other way, so far as we are aware.

By a meandering sequence of associated ideas, it occurs to us that one hundred and fifty years in advance of the recent news from the Mediterranean, Jean-Jacques Rousseau turned out his editorial on Mussolini's attack on Greece: "It is easy to understand [he said] that war and conquest, and the progress of despotism, are mutually advanced, the one by the other; for among an enslaved people, one may seize upon money and men at discretion, for the conquest of other peoples; and on the other hand, war furnishes a pretext for pecuniary exactions, and an equally good excuse for the maintenance of a great army to keep the populace in a respectful frame of mind." In Rousseau's time, one might have said that this lesson had been learned—but here is the new century, and here is Mussolini!

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, we observe, took no part in the proceedings. It was too far up the alley. At the first sign of trouble it discreetly retired, and left the mess to the Council of Ambassadors. Italy had previously, with infinite Latin tact, suggested that as far as she was concerned, the League might go to the devil. The point was, you see, that the dispute with Greece was one that "affected the honour of Italy," and therefore Italy could not permit the League to take cognizance of it. The League politely took the hint and lay low. This, too, is an extremely amusing performance; and a delicious nub for the whole comedy is furnished by a correspondent of the New York *World*, which has a most intractable case of puppy-love on the League of Nations. This correspondent says that "it would be too dangerous to allow Mussolini to declare that the League has no right to interfere between Greece and Italy. Mussolini will therefore be formally and publicly condemned on a date and in a manner now being discussed." Won't that be just too dreadfully terrible? The mediæval Papal Interdict is nothin' to it, as Sam Weller might say.

WHAT interests us, however, is the magnificent outburst of moral indignation that promptly arose from the Anglo-Saxon section of the chorus, because Mussolini's strong-arm men grabbed the strategic points in the Adriatic and shelled out a handful of orphans in bombarding Corfu. One would suppose that no nation of our virtuous and moral race ever grabbed anything or murdered a civilian in its life. We note with gratification the tribute that some of the English commentators pay to M. Poincaré. Mussolini, they remark, has borrowed Poincaré's tactics

but not his technique. Both Poincaré and Mussolini grab what they want, but Mussolini pulls the rough stuff while Poincaré keeps the mailed fist hidden in the velvet glove. That's the idea—get the goods, but do it in a moral and gentlemanly way, as long as possible. We will say for French comment on the incident, however, that it is quite objective. Its general tenor is that Mussolini has done simply the regular thing, like all the rest, and so why make a fuss about a little discrepancy in technique? We are against the French Government, hammer and tongs, but we have no end of respect for the habit of the French mind.

THE Athenians used to say that the Spartans were always ready for war, because the kind of peace they had down in Sparta was quite intolerable. Obviously foreign war did nothing to improve the quality of peace-time life in Sparta; rather it made matters all the worse, but it did bring about a temporary change, and in Sparta any sort of change was welcome. If the Italian Government keeps up its present lick, it may eventually reduce the people of Italy to the same unhappy condition. The Italians have a generous heritage, but their Government is doing what it can to make them feel that they have nothing to lose but their chains. Here is, for example, this matter of the censorship. The press may be no great blessing to the people, but a free press is at least preferable to a press that is strictly censored, and in Italy the journalist enjoys nothing that remotely approaches freedom. The guarantees established in 1848 in the Kingdom of Sardinia, and extended to the balance of Italy after the unification, have just been amended and in effect abolished by an executive order which proclaims the power of the Government to suppress arbitrarily any publication that does not meet with its approval.

THE LIVING AGE reports this modest declaration, and then goes on to quote a dispatch from Italy to the *Neue Züricher Zeitung*, as follows: "If Italy needed any new press-legislation, it was for the protection of the press and not for its suppression; for in practice, opposition newspapers have been repeatedly exposed to raids and other violent demonstrations, to extraordinary measures of Government control, to having whole editions burned or their sale forbidden by the Fascisti, to interference through officially encouraged sabotage, and to restrictions upon their legal right freely to express their opinions." Apparently, then, the new executive order amounts simply to an announcement that the Government will henceforth participate more largely in the lawless attack upon the newspapers of the country. Recently two journals have been suppressed without legal process, and the opposition has been reduced practically to silence. The editor of the *Corriere della Sera* of Milan declares that he can not possibly perform his duty as a commentator, but must resign himself to the publication of a record of events. If he were allowed complete freedom in the performance of the latter task, and actually performed it in good faith, the Government would be heartily damned by the news of the day; but, as a matter of course, the censor does not confine his attention to the editorial columns of the press.

WITH no great plenty of news from India, it is still possible to make out that the non-coöperative movement has fallen somewhat into disarray. At four consecutive sessions, the Indian National Congress has called upon the people not to vote or stand as candidates when the members of the councils established by the Imperial Government are chosen. The Congress has held out, all along, for non-coöperation in the full sense of the term; but the

wisdom of its decision has been questioned from the beginning by certain leaders who either have an itch for office, or else believe honestly that they can non-coöperate most effectively by getting themselves elected to the councils, and then kicking up trouble on the inside.

SINCE the last meeting of the Congress, the politically-minded group has gotten control of the permanent executive committee, and has finally secured the passage of a resolution which orders the suspension of the boycott on the elections. The Gandhian movement seems now to be divided between thorough-going non-coöperators who still stick by the last decision of the Congress, and "council-entry non-coöperators" who uphold the committee. The leaders of the latter group declare that they will enter the councils only to wreck them, but the correspondent of the London *Times* at Simla believes it likely that this is nothing more than a face-saving declaration. Once the non-coöperators are inside the fence, says the correspondent, there will be little to distinguish them from the Indian liberals who have all along participated in politics. The editor of *Navayuga*, and the other forthright advocates of independence for India, can find no better reason for their opposition to the compromise than that which is here supplied by a representative of British imperialism.

IN Kenya, as the British now choose to call their crown-colony of East Africa, the natives of India are learning something of the quality of their citizenship in the British Empire. The Indians traded and settled in this region long before the British turned up in East Africa, or for that matter, in India; but now that Kenya and India are united in one empire, the Indians are commanded to keep themselves at home. The 96,000 whites who have settled in the colony are satisfied to scratch along with the labour of the 2,500,000 native blacks. The Indians are apparently regarded as less amenable to discipline; for the whites, in control of the local Government, have demanded that their immigration shall be closely restricted. The Government at London has made large concessions to the demands of the Kenyanese, and the London *Times*, weekly edition, now expresses the hope that the Indians will not misunderstand this move or undertake to make political capital out of it. Indeed it must be all for the best, since the Under-Secretary for the Colonies has remarked in Parliament, very sweetly, that the British Government regards itself first of all, not as the representative of white or Indian interests in Kenya, but as "trustee before the world of the African population."

WHILE the British are extending the limits of their sacred trusteeship, and painting the German sections of the map of Africa a royal red, a contest much more important than that among the European rivals in Africa is going forward beneath the surface of things, entirely out of reach of the political geographer. The life of the natives is changing from day to day, but it is not to be taken for granted that the entire population is being Europeanized. The Mohammedan culture is an energetic competitor of the Christian, and the latter suffers in some respects, as it profits in others, by its association with alien political power. It is quite natural that the natives should set up Mohammedanism against Christianity, more or less as the Irish and the Poles have set up Roman Catholicism against the Anglicanism of England and the Orthodoxy of Russia. The Mohammedan peoples are remarkably free from racial discrimination—the case of the Armenians is an exception that proves the rule; and Mohammedanism is therefore all the better fitted for erection by the Africans into a cult of freedom.

THE assembly of former combatants in the Allied armies, in convention at Brussels, has been informed by the commander and representative of the American Legion that the veterans of the German and Austrian armies ought, in the interest of international peace, to be admitted to the soldierly brotherhood. This statement gives us a long-denied opportunity to say a good word for Colonel Owsley and his Legion, and accordingly we hasten to put our kind thoughts on record. The Colonel's recommendation constitutes a kind of mild emollient, and he would be deserving of temperate praise, if he had only confined himself to prescribing this one remedy for Europe's troubles. However it seems that he has made much more vigorous recommendations of an opposite sort, in favour of a strict interpretation of the treaty of Versailles, and the participation of America in its enforcement. Indeed some of the Colonel's European speeches have been so militant in character and so little in harmony with his declaration in behalf of the German veterans, that M. Poincaré has employed extracts from these speeches to support the official policy of France. The inconsistency is obvious, and yet, where the Legion is concerned, inconsistency itself is something to be thankful for.

THE controversy between the anthracite-coal miners is settled, and all that now remains is to settle the bill, which will be done by the ultimate consumer, as usual. The political aspects of the settlement are very entertaining. Governor Pinchot has published a letter to the President, evidently on suspicion that Mr. Coolidge, in his thrifty New England way, might be p'intin' out to gather in the popular credit for the settlement and capitalize it as a vote-getter next year. Probably this suspicion is well founded. At all events, Governor Pinchot is not going to take any chances. His letter is really a model of political acumen, for by a very simple device it not only shifts the issue entirely away from the settlement, but it also ties up Mr. Coolidge hand and foot, and puts him where the less he says about coal hereafter, the better. Not for nothing, apparently, did Governor Pinchot get his training in practical politics from the astute Theodore Roosevelt.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT simply suggests that since the strike is now out of the way, it would be a good thing if Mr. Coolidge would see to it that the additional sixty cents a ton, due to the raise in miners' wages, shall not be passed along to the consumer. He says that ten cents of this amount ought to be absorbed by the operators without any increase in price—in fact, that many of them could absorb the whole sixty cents, and still make abundant profits—and that the balance could "easily and properly" be taken out of the cost of transportation and distribution. This puts the President in a bad hole. If he disputes Gifford's findings, Gifford can prove them forward and back and both ways at once, and get no end of hateful publicity for them. If he accepts them, he will have an awkward time to get out of making believe to do something about the matter, and making believe will not be easy under Gifford's critical eye. If, on the other hand, he keeps silent, he lays himself open to scurrilous remarks during the campaign. It is quite possible, indeed, that Mr. Pinchot's simple and adroit move may be a large factor in shelving Mr. Coolidge's candidacy when the time comes.

If we hear Senator Johnson go off with a loud report some time between now and next June, we shall know that it is because President Coolidge has come out for the World Court; but somehow we do not expect the explosion. If the matter of America's splendid isolation becomes an issue between Senator Johnson and Mr.

Coolidge, the Senator will perhaps be able to pick up the Republican nomination and walk off with it. The Californian seems to be the President's most likely competitor, in any case, since Mr. Johnson's name still carries a faint scent of progressivism that will count in his favour west of the Alleghanies, but will hardly disturb the most delicate nostril in New England. Senator Johnson has just the kind of a record that will win a heap of votes at one end of the line, without losing very many at the other. The safe conservatism of Mr. Coolidge is no doubt somewhat more acceptable to the leaders of the Grand Old Party, but then these gentlemen may not be able to indulge their fancy to the full if the Democrats go so far out of their way, for victory's sake, as to favour Mr. Henry Ford. With such a competitor in prospect, the Republicans would have to look well to the popularity of their candidate, and it is hardly to be expected that Mr. Coolidge will limit his own chances at the convention by taking on the burden of the World Court.

For some time past, there has been a movement on foot in the region of the Great Lakes to have the St. Lawrence River opened out as a deep-waterway to the sea. In normal times, a great flow of trade passes between our North Central States and the countries of Europe, and there is every reason why this business should be done as directly and as economically as possible. However, when it comes to securing the support of the American Congress for the project, the Middle-Westerners will find themselves opposed by all the Rotary Clubs and Chambers of Commerce between Chesapeake Bay and Boston Harbour. The merchant princes of New York will want the Western trade squeezed through the bottle-neck of their over-crowded port and their tangled railway-yards, and no doubt they can convince the citizens of the metropolis in the name of progress, that it will be to the advantage of each of them individually to have the city twice as crowded, twice as noisy, and three times as hard to live in as it is at present.

EACH season brings to the metropolitan stage a flock of *revues* which are all very well, except that they do not really review anything. Such names as the "Follies" and the "Passing Show" suggest great possibilities that are never realized or even remotely approximated by the performance. The years as they roll by are full enough of absurdities that would lend themselves admirably to satirization, but the reviews, biologically beautiful as they may be, have hardly risen to anything better than jokes on the Volstead Law, and choruses of ladies representing different brands of breakfast food. Exception must be made in favour of a few individual numbers (though never in favour of an entire performance); and certainly there must be some special mention of Mr. Will Rogers. This gentleman has a priceless knack of letting the sawdust out of our national stuffed shirts, and it seems to us that he might turn his abilities to best account by joining forces with some one who has had experience in writing for the stage—say with Don Marquis—and turning out a review of his own that would leave the country a bit rosier from the spanking, a happier and a wiser land.

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It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE TIME.

POINTING A MORAL.

THE situation in the Ruhr, the *coup de main* of Italy and the consequent commotion in the Danube States, make this a most appropriate time to raise an urgent inquiry of those who wish the United States to take a hand in Europe's affairs. What do they want us to do? We have raised that question before, and so have many others, and it has never yet been competently answered. We say competently, because it is no answer merely to reiterate some stock phrase like "The United States ought to join the League of Nations," or to say that our Government ought to cancel the Allied war-debts in return for an equivalent reduction in the German indemnity. Granted, for argument's sake, that the United States should do both these things; let us suppose that they were done to-morrow; let us, indeed, suppose that they had been done two weeks after the promulgation of the Treaty of Versailles. The real question is, what reasonable ground is there for assuming, in the one case, that matters would have gone one whit differently up to the present; or, in the other case, for supposing that they would begin to go differently the day after to-morrow?

Not a single interventionist has ever given an answer to that question, and none ever will. All who have tried to answer it have merely delivered some vague rhetoric about the "moral effect" of such action on the part of the United States; and this is rubbish. The war immensely fortified a universal faith in violence; it set in motion endless adventures in imperialism, endless nationalist ambitions. Every war does this to a degree roughly corresponding to its magnitude. The final settlement at Versailles, therefore, was a mere scramble for loot. We venture to say that there is no human being upon earth who can make anything else of it and look one in the eye while he does so. Now, suppose that the United States Government entered the war from the purest of altruistic motives and that it stuck by the Versailles treaty through thick and thin, League of Nations and all, can any one in his right mind imagine that its "moral effect" would have kept M. Poincaré from looting the Ruhr and setting up his Napoleonic scheme of military hegemony in Europe? Could our moral influence have kept the Poles from grabbing Upper Silesia or, to come down to date, could it have kept M. Mussolini from laying his hands on Corfu?

To imagine such a thing bespeaks incredible ignorance and incredible credulity. Moreover, the United States Government did not go to war with disinterested motives, and every European Government knows that it did not. M. Poincaré knows it, and so do the Poles and M. Mussolini, just as well as MM. Clemenceau and Orlando and Mr. Lloyd George knew it at the time of the conference at Versailles. To expect disinterested action on the part of our Government now is simply the amiable and hopeful *naïveté* of one who expects to catch a weasel asleep. But assuming that it might be, by some miracle, capable of disinterested action, what form could that action possibly take to be effective?

Fortunately, the cause of intervention has been so thoroughly discredited by circumstances that there is no use in saying much about it now. We doubt whether any politician would dare bring it before the country again. It seems that the time has come to point the moral; and in so doing, we come in sight of

the one and only service that America can render—not the American Government, but such Americans as are candid enough and flexible enough to have learned a good many things in the past four years, and to have forgotten a good many as well. This service consists in pointing out that the matters at stake in Europe can not be settled by machinery alone; they must be settled by a wider culture, a firmer will and a better spirit. The League of Nations is machinery, and so is the World Court; machinery, moreover, devised for an entirely different purpose from that to which the interventionists would invoke it. This is plain to every one; as plain as that a reaper is not designed to pull a train. The thing is to abandon a blind and unintelligent faith in machinery, and to give oneself over to the promotion of a culture competent really to envisage a world-order of peace and freedom erected upon the only basis able to sustain it, the basis of social justice. Those who do this are the true interventionists; they proffer Europe the only real help that Americans can give. The interventionists here, and those abroad who ask our aid, never show, we regret to say, that they are concerned by the injustices that afflict Europe; they are concerned only by the inconveniences arising from her condition. Even the British liberals who lately addressed a communication to Americans at large, show hardly more than a perfunctory concern with injustice, but an enormous concern with inconvenience.

The time has come, in our opinion, to disallow all this and to reaffirm the revolutionary doctrine set forth in the Declaration of Independence, that the Creator has endowed human beings with certain inalienable rights; to give more interest to principles and less to machinery; to think less about acting and organizing and instituting, and more about establishing a culture that will afford a proper foundation for national action. The time has come, in short, for inaugurating a really moral movement instead of protracting the succession of ludicrous and filthy hypocrisies which have so long passed for moral movements; for an interest in justice and a belief in human rights wherever there are human beings—in Egypt and Haiti, India and Santo Domingo, quite as much as in Corfu or the Ruhr. It is all very well to go about establishing justice and human rights, in the time of it; but the first step towards establishing them is to believe in them, and that is the step to be taken now.

POLYCARP'S JUDGES.

ECCLESIASTICAL legend has it that when the Christian martyr Polycarp was invited to recant and instructed to say, "Away with these atheists!" meaning his fellow-Christians, he waved his hand at his inquisitors and said, "Away with *these* atheists!" Lawyers sometimes expostulate with us about our distrust of statutory law and say that we should recant in order to avoid giving aid and comfort to those whose anarchism is less philosophical than ours and more deeply tinged with criminal intent. These lawyers, moreover, are almost invariably such as merit our respect and get it without grudging, for their own exemplary personal attitude towards their profession. Indeed, our respect is such that we do not like to argue our views with them; it seems ungracious and unfriendly, and we are disarmed in advance. Fortunately, however, argument is seldom called for, because there always conveniently comes along some official or quasi-official transaction—some uncommonly striking decision of the Supreme Court, some use of the injunction

like Justice Taft's or Mr. Daugherty's or Justice Anderson's, or some piece of legislation like the Lusk laws—something of the kind is always cropping up, to which we may point and say simply, "There!—if our poor utterances breed contempt for the law and encourage crime, what on earth does *that* do?"

For example, having perused in the newspapers the record of the American Bar Association's session which has just ended, we are moved to ask our friends of the legal profession what impression they think the addresses delivered there are likely to make—let us not say on the criminal or the disaffected or the easily inflammable type of human being, but on the civilized and intelligent person who is sufficiently well-informed really to know what is going on in the world. Are they likely to enhance respect for law or to weaken it? Let us see.

To begin with, Mr. R. E. L. Saner, chairman of the Association's Committee on citizenship, reported in true journalistic style that "it is stated on competent authority" that there are 1,500,000 radicals in this country who are clamouring for a change from our present form of government to some form of communism. "It is said," according to this official of the Bar Association, that there are 400 newspapers and periodicals representing similar views and read by five million people; and "it is also said" that three million dollars were spent last year in Red propaganda. Mr. Saner said—officially, for his committee, mind you—

We submit that the time has come when members of the bar should bestir themselves in a unified effort to meet this challenge.

"Dear Mrs. Bardell: Chops and tomato sauce!" Could Mr. Dodson or Mr. Fogg have done any better than Mr. Saner, even with the able forensic aid of Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz thrown in? Hardly, we think. Again Mr. Saner declared that

the schools of America should no more consider graduating a student who lacks faith in our Government than a school of theology should graduate a minister who lacks faith in God.

This analogy was close enough, apparently, to satisfy the Bar Association, but it is not close enough by a great deal to satisfy us or, we think, to satisfy any other person who either has not a professional interest in being satisfied or is not too ignorant to know a dishonest *non sequitur* when he sees it.

Then Mr. Davis, president of the Association, offered this gem serene:

Increased solicitude for the health and physical comfort of the individual has led men to speak and to think quite mistakenly of so-called 'human rights' as of something which can be divorced, either in practice or in legislation, from so-called 'rights of property.'

Secretary Hughes also did his bit for the occasion by expounding the Monroe Doctrine in somewhat the mode of an apologia, perhaps for the enlightenment of the Latin-American brethren. In the first place, Mr. Hughes made it clear that the doctrine masks no aggressive intentions on the part of the American Government. He utterly disclaimed the idea that the doctrine carries any assumption on the part of his Government of a right "to superintend the affairs of our sister republics, to assert an overlordship, to consider the spread of our authority beyond our own domain." Mr. Hughes did not deny that the United States Government has held up a sister republic here and there during the past twenty years, while our

bankers garnisheed a tidy bit of its income. Such incidents he regards wholly in the light of preserving law and order, and altruistically assisting a neighbour to establish a Government "competent to keep order and discharge its international obligations." In this respect it would appear that Mr. Hughes sets a higher standard for the Latin-Americans than he does for the debtor nations of Europe. In addition to these moral considerations, Mr. Hughes pointed out that we have to maintain political stability to the south of us as a measure of defence for the Panama Canal; and he intimated that in the future we might build another canal, and, presumably, would then be compelled to undertake even more far-reaching defensive measures; which will no doubt be melancholy tidings for our Caribbean brothers.

We think that the foregoing items may stand without much comment. Of the lawyer who carries into the exercise of his profession the ordinary standards of intellectual integrity as well as of moral integrity, we have nothing to say. We merely remark, paraphrasing Polycarp, that there are three types of lawyer who seem to us sovereign anarchy-breeders. The first is he who has the blackmailer's conception of his calling, like Rabelais's Grippeminaud or Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. The second has the strumpet's conception of his calling; that is, he regards himself as belonging wholly to his client, for the time being, for any sort of service that his client's interests may require, recognizing no other allegiance in the whole realm of intellect and morals. The third has the conception held by the Lord Chancellor in "Tolanthe," that

The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent.
It has no kind of fault or flaw,
And I, my Lords, embody the law.

The composite spirit of these three types seems quite completely to dominate and direct the American Bar Association, unless the reports that we have read misrepresent it scandalously. In evidence of this we offer the foregoing. When hereafter, therefore, our friends ask us to renounce our anarchism and denounce the anarchists, we shall content ourselves, like Polycarp, with a wave of the hand towards the American Bar Association.

DOMINION OVER PALM AND PINE.

A FRIEND who returned recently from a visit to the West Coast of Africa, has brought back something very novel and interesting in the way of a first-hand account of an adventure in imperialism. The story has to do with what has already happened in Sierra Leone, and what might have happened, and doubtless will happen before long, in Liberia.

On this part of the Guinea Coast and in the hinterland, says our friend, the vegetation is so luxuriant and so closely interwoven that the foot-traveller can not get off the jungle trail—"he can not even fall off it"; but on the other hand, in apparent contradiction to this evidence of fertility, the land is practically worthless for any purpose of agriculture. According to our informant, the reason is that the whole region is one great clay-bank. It might be expected that the decay of vegetation would build up a layer of soil upon this foundation, but there are two good and sufficient reasons why this does not happen: in the first place, the country is rolling and very well drained, and secondly, it is drenched for six months of the year with a downpour of rain. As a result, the raw mate-

rials for the formation of a soil are flooded off to the Atlantic and the clay-bank is left clean and smooth, so that it bakes like concrete wherever it is exposed, as it is in the native villages, to the six-months sun of the dry season.

The natives have evolved a most laborious method of cultivation which enables them to raise one small crop every fifteen years or so, on the surface of this hard-pan. The first step is, of course, to clear the jungle. This arduous task involves three successive attacks with axe and fire, the smaller vines and bushes being first cut and burned, and the large trees last of all. When the men of the village have completed this labour, the field is blackened with ashes, and still dotted over with stumps and matted with roots of every size. It is the task of the women to break up the small patches of clay between the roots, and to sow the upland-rice which manages somehow to grow in this region; and then, when the rainy season has brought the rice to maturity, and has raised up along with it the first rank growth of a new jungle, the women complete the cycle of cultivation by clipping the individual rice-heads and carrying them off to the threshing-floor. It is then that the village turns its back, literally, upon this patch of land, and abandons it for another fifteen years to the control of the jungle.

The second staple of native diet, and the only other food consumed in quantity, is the oil extracted from the nut of the palm-tree that grows wild in the jungle, and yields a more generous product in response to primitive cultivation. Until recently, the life of the natives was very nicely accommodated to these slender resources, and in the interior of Liberia (the hinterland begins a few miles from the coast) it is still so. In Sierra Leone, however, a new force has upset the balanced relation of population and product.

The British colony of Sierra Leone, like the "Republic" of Liberia, was established ostensibly as a refuge for liberated slaves. As a matter of fact, there was never any considerable immigration of freedmen into either country, and the population is still made up very largely of native blacks who retain their tribal organization. Thus the colony and the republic have not really served their advertised purpose; but then, on the other hand, it has turned out that the palm-kernel has great value, not only as a staple of native diet, but as an article of commerce; and this perhaps helps to explain the persistence of England's interest in Sierra Leone, as well as the revival of American concern for the welfare of Liberia.

The territory of Sierra Leone, organized in part as a crown-colony and in part as a protectorate, is under the absolute control of the British Colonial Office, acting through a British Governor and a Legislative Council appointed by British authority. With all the power of St. Peter to bind and loose, this alien Government has borrowed money and spent it in opening up the back-country, until the population now finds itself in possession of 600 miles of government-owned railway, a public debt of eight and a half million dollars, and a country that is literally being skinned in the interest of the export-trade. When the Government opened the railway to the coast, it under-drained a food-reservoir that had no natural tendency to overflow. The natives could produce nothing to fill the vacuum, and many of the palm-trees upon which they had depended for food were soon destroyed by the process of tapping for "palm-wine." Thus the importation of rice has already become necessary; and a British resident of Sierra Leone informed our friend that he expected the food-shortage would increase

until the Government would eventually be obliged to feed the impoverished tribesmen, or let them starve.

All this gives a new interest to the project for a loan of five million dollars to Liberia, once rejected by our Congress, but no doubt destined to be revived. A considerable portion of this loan was to have been expended in the opening of the Liberian back-country; but our friend tells us that the inhabitants of this region can no more than keep themselves alive as it is, let alone produce a food-surplus for exportation. Doubtless our palm-oil companies would do well enough out of a loan of American public funds to Liberia, but we can not see why our people in general should pay the bill; and as for the people of Liberia, we can only hope that their introduction to civilization will come about by means less ruinous than those that have recently been tried out in the neighbouring colony.

THE RECORD OF LIFE.

IN discussing the inaccuracies and the downright lies that continually crop up in national histories, a great many people naïvely ignore the purpose for which these histories are written; and they do not give the historian, the publisher, and the local school board sufficient credit for knowing what they are "up to." The concern of a national history is to identify the affairs and interests of a multitude of different communities, groups, and individuals with the fortunes of the political State; for, as Mazzini well observed, the national State must be perpetually willed into existence; and if this is so, why should we grudge the Guardians of the State a platonic lie or two when they are dealing with inconvenient subjects like the origin and true purpose of the recent war? The very conception of national history is a mighty fabrication; and once the national bias were removed, as Mr. Bertrand Russell recently proposed to remove it by forming—O innocent mathematician!—an international committee on textbooks of history, the historian would perhaps find it necessary to cast his work into quite a different frame.

It would be idle to recapitulate the tedious ineptitudes of our national histories; how they magnify the fighting of wars, the forging of constitutions, and the ins and outs of political strife; how they arbitrarily pare down the facts of culture so that they will fit neatly into convenient nationalist packages. If anyone wishes to know what a sorry business national history is, let him skim through the contents of any dozen texts he may pick offhand from the library shelf, and then let him attempt to reconstruct the life of the community during any particular moment in its existence he may choose. The result will be absurd; for people do not live in "nations," or "empires": they live in families, villages, towns; and the political authority enters on the scene only on calamitous occasions when a man goes to prison, or when he is dragged off to war—events which even in the most miserable of political States occupy less than a tithe of a healthy, normal life. In short, the events of political history, like the records of famine and earthquake, could for the most part be put into a chronological synopsis, as M. Faure puts them in the appendix to his "History of Art"; they matter to the human spirit only in the sense that measles or gout matters in the physical development of man; and to regard these things as the facts of history is as absurd as it would be to look upon a record of Alexander Pope's medical consultations as the essence of his biography and literary achievement.

We should perhaps tolerate the lies and myths of national history a little more cheerfully, were it not for the fact that the historian of the political State so steadily misses the essential elements in human activity—the commerce of man with the earth, and the development of his spirit as he lives and learns and loves and rears offspring and assays the friendliness or formidableness of the universe. If history had only to do with past facts it would be no more than a barren chronicle or a sequence of statistics; on the contrary, history is more, even, than "past politics"; it is literally the drama of the community, and the historian who would guard himself from vain myths or shallow statistics must, we think, see that drama in terms of the stage upon which it was acted, the cast of characters, the forces working behind the scenes, and the plot whose fitful threads now and again form a significant pattern. The scale of such a history is necessarily regional and limited; for when history covers a broader platform it turns out not to be drama at all, but stage-directions, "business," and "properties"; and although these facts may be interesting, they can never stir and deeply inform the human spirit.

Happily, a number of books have appeared recently which show what a fruitful and fascinating task confronts the historian when he stops thinking in terms of frontiers and Governments; and among these we would single out for special praise two American works. One of them is a little book on "The Evolution of Long Island." Though marred by occasional pedantries, this work tells a fine tale of the whalemens, oystermen, and gardeners of old Paumanok; and among other things gives a memorable picture of the way in which financial corporations took advantage of expensive machinery and legal privilege to get control over the local industries which the natives had once stoutly manned. Both detail and perspective come out clearly under this treatment; and above all, the direct human implications are never altogether missing.

An even more brilliant example of authentic history is Mr. Samuel Eliot Morison's "Maritime History of Massachusetts"; here shrewd speculation and careful research is capped by a vigorous imagination which gives the narrative not a little of the swing and movement of a good novel. With Mr. Morison's book in hand it is not difficult to figure what life was like in Salem, New Bedford, or Boston: one knows it from the crow's nest of the clipper, from which an adventurous lad could get his first glimpse of the "world," down to the huge, formal interiors of the great houses which Samuel McIntire wrought for retired merchant-captains; one follows the rhythm of that seaboard life from cradle to grave. The folk who take part in this regional drama do not derive significance from the position they occupied in the national State; their adventures and their actions are interesting in their own right; and one sees "Two Years Before the Mast" and "Moby Dick," not as contributions to "American" literature, but as the salting down of maritime New England's chief spiritual experience. Something of the same sort may be said of a number of the less factitious "local-colour" novels of the last generation, Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," for instance, or Howe's "Story of a Country Town." If a sufficient number of such regional histories as Mr. Morison's were forthcoming we would trust the animus of nationalist history to die down from sheer enervation of interest; for one of the best correctives for our spurious national histories is to forget about them, as our school-children, Heaven be praised, so promptly do.

MISCELLANY.

It is a great privilege and pleasure to welcome the new publication which Mr. Knopf has just announced for issue beginning early in the new year, under the name of the *Mercury* and under the editorship of Mr. Henry L. Mencken and Mr. George Jean Nathan. It is to be a monthly review, and my understanding is that it will canvass the spiritual activities of mankind somewhat as the *Freeman* undertakes to do as a weekly. There is no doubt a great deal of room for such a paper, since the publisher promises that it will be written from the point of view of "the civilized minority." The minority in America, whether civilized or uncivilized, has been for a long time quite inarticulate, and the civilized minority especially so; and those who have any respect for minorities, if any such have survived the severe regimentation of the last quarter-century, will be glad that the civilized minority is now in a way to find voice.

MR. MENCKEN is a Marylander, and therefore has traditional principles about the rights of the minority, since Maryland is, I think, about the only place in the country where the minority is regarded as having any rights that the majority is bound to respect. Oppression and dragging by a majority has never been popular in Maryland, no matter how good the cause in which it was attempted. There has been very little oppression of the Negro race in Maryland, and consequently little trouble in adjusting the relation of the two races pretty harmoniously. Although Maryland is commonly regarded as a Roman Catholic community, Protestantism flourishes there and there is a wholesome willingness to live and let live on the part of both persuasions. I am told that during the war all the abuses practised upon dissenters in Maryland were practised by the Federal authorities, and that the Marylanders themselves were rather disgusted by them. I hear, too, that in the first mayoralty election after the war, Baltimore snowed under a well-known man of good family who made his campaign, like that of the late Mr. Mitchel in New York, on the issue of "patriotism," and elected a German whom nobody knew particularly well or cared much for.

As far as my knowledge of the country goes, the only other place that shows any vestiges of respect for the great tradition of freedom is the lower part of Rhode Island. There may be others and I think there are, but I am not sure; if so, however, I would offer rather better than even money that they are all in New England. The historian of civilization in the United States is going to have an interesting time accounting for these survivals. Mr. Mencken himself has a theory for Maryland, which is interesting and seems to be sound. Put broadly, it is that the tradition of freedom has survived in Maryland because in that State there has always been a kind of balance of power. There has always been enough of each group or race or faction to protect itself, and never enough to oppress another. Thus in the time of the Civil War, there were too many sympathizers with either cause, and they were too widely distributed (families, even, often being divided) for the other side to kick them about with impunity. So there have always been enough Catholics to take care of themselves, and not enough to elbow the Protestants; and vice versa. So also with whites and blacks, and all other potential sources of oppression.

ANOTHER bit of fun that is waiting for the man who shall write the history of civilization in the United States, is a candid examination of pragmatism. The vigorous standardization, the ironing-out of individualism and the

resolute suppression of minorities, had its origin in certain causes that are rather obvious, and proceeded with rapidly-increasing intensity; and then finally, the time must come when some obliging pundit should undertake to analyse and psychologize it (though not, of course, explicitly) and supply it with a philosophical doctrine. Hence we have pragmatism. Hence, too, one can not hear a group of sentimental liberals talk about public affairs, and one can not read twenty-five lines of editorial comment in a liberal publication, without encountering traces of the baleful presence of William James.

I TURN this notion over to the editors of the new *Mercury* as a good idea for them. From the point of view of the civilized minority, it would be pretty instructive to read over some of the neurasthenic slop and afflictive slumgullion that is slathered over the League of Nations, for instance, and then to show that this sort of thing is just about what one could expect from a generation reared when pragmatism was thick in the air—and to show why. Fifty years ago, the American minority took quite a bit of putting down; when William James was a young man, during the Civil War, conscription was resisted in a lively fashion. Our histories, especially our school histories, do not say much about it, but the fact is that with the enemy a good long rifle-shot from Washington, there were ugly riots in New York. Fifty years later, pragmatism was an established philosophical doctrine, the rationalization of our established economic and social practices—and the people, like diligent, obedient and weak-witted children, accepted conscription to go three thousand miles to fight an enemy about whom they knew nothing but what the most inconceivably unprincipled liars chose to tell them, and about whom they still know nothing.

It is in somewhat this vein of thought that a friend writes me, "Italy's latest caper confirms me in my belief that Chamfort was right when he said: 'Public!—how many fools does it take to make a public?' I really think it is better to leave it to the Mussolinis, the Ku-Kluxers and the Poincarés. Before anything worth while can be done, these chaps must have their innings, so let them bat the public ball all over the bally place. If we could have had all the sentimental liberals and all the Mussolinis and Poincarés in Yokohama last week, we might have been doing something to hasten their day; but I fear another crop would have grown up immediately. The fact is, the people have lost the knack of keeping down these political weeds."

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

SUNLIGHT AND LOVE.

Fleecy and white far to the westward fly
The clouds; on street and mart the heavens smile
Soft through the mist; benign, our human toil
The sun salutes from a triumphant sky.

The tall cathedral in the red light seems
To sing hosannas as its thousand spires
And golden saints shine forth, while winging choirs
Of tawny falcons, wheeling, lift their screams.

Even thus, since love with her sweet smile has won
Me freedom from the clouds that weighed so long
Upon my soul, and lifts it to the sun.

The holiest ideals of life prolong
Themselves within that smile; to music run
Is every thought, and every sense a song.

GIOSE CARDUCCI.

(Translated by William A. Drake.)

COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-1896).

THE case of Coventry Patmore can be stated only by means of an ironic paradox: he who was the poet of the most universal of themes was the most intolerant, harsh and scornful of men. Had his theme been romantic passion, his habitual arrogance might have been understandable (though even then hardly excusable); for the romantic gazes down from his immense height upon the lowly crowd. But Patmore's theme was not explicitly romance, it was marriage; and it was a cardinal point of his doctrine that every man who had experienced marriage was made an adept in a profound mystery. Yet Patmore treated the mass of men, to whom he imputed a dignity that they did not suspect, with a contempt that he took no pains to conceal.

The poet of "The Angel in the House" was not, however, without humility; he was like the Jesus of Blake's violent poem, humble to God, haughty to man. His apprehension of spiritual truth would not have been possible had humility, however much concealed, been lacking; but having apprehended and explained his idea to the world, he demanded with inexorable severity that the average sensual man should apprehend it too. This the average man, whether sensual or not, was incapable of doing. Hence Patmore gradually hardened into esotericism in his doctrine and in bitterness towards the world.

Yet the world treated him handsomely. It may not have followed all the ramifications of the Patmorean doctrine, but at least it bought a quarter of a million copies of "The Angel in the House" during its author's lifetime—enough to make any man think well of his fellows! Moreover, the praise of the elect was not wanting: Tennyson, Carlyle, Emerson, Newman and Ruskin—the famous commendation in "Sesame and Lilies" is familiar to every one—did not stint their admiration. But admiration was not what Patmore wanted; he wanted to be understood, and nobody seemed to be quite capable of understanding him. He was often obliged to wince at inappropriate praise. There were thorns woven with his laurels.

He had the misfortune of writing a book that, in its externals, exactly hit the Mid-Victorian taste. A quiet, uneventful story of English country-side and cathedral-close, shrewd, decorous and polished, something like a novel of Trollope turned into verse, it appealed irresistibly to every curate and church-going young lady of the time; and then passed out of fashion with the Mid-Victorian millinery it so brilliantly describes. Its clarity and bright staccato wit and cleverness of construction—not to be matched in a poem of the same length—ensure its permanence, as they once procured its popularity; but, except by a handful of professed Patmoreans, Patmore is no longer read.

One reason for this neglect is the tripping octosyllabic metre that Patmore, after full deliberation, chose as the medium for his great poem; a metre selected to fit the demure, domestic loves celebrated by it. But even Mrs. Meynell, after allowing justly for all that the measure accomplished in Patmore's hands, decided that it suits the story only too well: "It does much to divert an ordinarily careless reader from the mystery." She might have added that most readers sooner or later find the even pace monotonous.

If, however, the almost excessive skilfulness of Patmore's versification is an actual hindrance to an undisturbed enjoyment of it, no other exception can be taken to his poetry. Its riches so abound that a score of poets might make themselves renowned by developing its incidental felicities. The doctrine of

Patmore has already fecundated many poets; as many more would find themselves affluent if they picked up the unconsidered trifles of his loaded treasury of ideas, or appropriated the details of his prodigal imagery.

Skies bluer than the sparrow's egg,
And bluer than the cuckoo's call;

and

Remembered pleasures, as they fade,
Salute me, and colossal grow,
Like footprints in the thawing snow.

are instances I select at random from pages packed to bursting with homely yet lovely illustrations. Wit (in the old as well as in the present sense of the word) is quite as frequent, as is proved by:

'The bliss which woman's charms bespeak,
I've sought in many, found in none!
'In many 'tis in vain you seek
What can be found in only one.'

and

Faults had she, child of Adam's stem,
But only Heaven knew of them.

and

I vow'd unvarying faith, and she,
To whom in full I pay that vow,
Rewards me with variety
Which men who change can never know.

But it is in pathos that this proud man's genius was most completely itself. No other poet—not one—is as full of the quality. The tenderness of "The Toys," or "The Departure," or "The Azalea"—the latter does no more than render in verse a few lines from the poet's diary, recording how he awoke in fright, having dreamed that his wife was dead, to realize with relief that it was but a dream, and then to remember that she was dead—is of a poignancy like that of no other poet, a poignancy so strong as to be almost unendurable.

He wakes renewed for all his smart,
His only love, and she is wed!
His fondness comes about his heart
As milk comes when the babe is dead.

So, as his own critic, he writes in his essay on Pathos:

Pleasure and beauty—which may be said to be pleasure visible—are without their highest perfection if they are without a touch of pathos. This touch, indeed, accrues naturally to profound pleasure and to great beauty by the mere fact of the incongruity of their earthly surroundings and the sense of isolation, peril, and impermanence caused thereby. It is a doctrine of that inexhaustible and (except by Dante) almost unworked mine of poetry, Catholic theology, that the felicity of the angels and glorified saints and of God Himself would not be perfect without the edge of pathos, which it receives from the fall and reconciliation of man. Hence, on Holy Saturday the Church exclaims, '*O felix culpa!*' and hence 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine righteous who need no repentance.' Sin, says St. Augustine, is the necessary shadow of heaven; and pardon, says some other, is the highest light of its beatitude.

These words were written (as "The Angel in the House" was not) during Patmore's, later Catholic period. Yet his work was so much of a piece and had all pointed so clearly to Catholicism that it was unnecessary for him to repudiate any of it. Indeed, it may be truly said that the writing of "The Angel"—despite the fact that it takes for granted the piety of the evangelical section of Anglicanism—revealed to Pat-

more his own Catholicism, which came as the inevitable conclusion to a long-pursued train of thought. Mr. Chesterton has told us how, after his pains to construct his own heresy, he found out that it was orthodoxy after all; in the same way Patmore, having reached the logical culmination of his philosophy of marriage, discovered that it implied, and was meaningless without, the Catholic faith. It is to be observed, therefore, that Patmore did not accept his view of marriage for the reason that it was enjoined by the Church; he submitted to the Church because he was convinced of her claims by his experience of marriage. Woman to him had been the Way, the Truth and the Life.

The faithless, seeing her, conceive
Not only heaven, but hope of it.

It is curious, in this connexion, to recall that Patmore's first wife (it was her portrait that Browning "painted upon a background of pale gold" in "A Face"), she for whom "The Angel" was written, she who may, consequently, be said to have led Patmore into the Church, had to the end a horror of Catholicism, and foresaw with dismay (long before her husband did) that he would be captured by the abhorred religion. Of her influence upon his conversion he said long afterwards: "It was not that of supernatural grace in me but the natural love of the beauty of supernatural grace as I recalled it in her."

Patmore was never tired of asserting that only the married can know love:

The love of marriage claims, above
All other kinds, the name of love.

And in the same poem, "The Wedding Sermon," he went on to say

That the bond of law
Does oftener marriage-love evoke,
Than love which does not wear the yoke.

The contention would probably be contested in the divorce courts; yet even judged by worldly wisdom Patmore knew what he was about. He was careful to avoid placing his doctrine upon a perilous level that might prove to be preposterous. So, in striking accord with the moderate doctrine of vocation as propounded by St. Thomas Aquinas—a doctrine that widely differs from the rigorism of St. Alphonsus Liguori—Patmore, who could not have read much of St. Thomas at the time, wrote:

A youth pursues
A maid, whom chance, not he, did choose,
Till to his restless arms hurries she
In a despair of modesty.
Then, simply and without pretence
Of insight or experience,
They plight their vows. The parents say
'We can not speak them yea or nay;
The thing proceedeth from the Lord!
And wisdom still approves their word;
For God created so these two
They match as well as others do
That take more pains, and trust Him less
Who never fails, if ask'd, to bless
His children's helpless ignorance
And blind election of life's chance.

Patmore was, in fact, an instinctive Thomist. Though he gives no sign of having read it, there is a passage in the "Summa" which would have delighted him; a passage that attempts to explain why Adam and Eve did not consummate their marriage until after their expulsion from Eden. A widespread notion vaguely connects the Fall with the marital embrace, which it

supposes to be decently veiled by the euphemism of the apple. St. Thomas teaches, however, that the marital embrace, being part of the natural perfection of man, could have taken place in the state of original innocence. The reason that it did not is that the Fall occurred so soon after the Creation that man and woman had not found a focus to a vision which was still dazzled by the sight of the ineffable glory of God. But after the Fall their vision gained its natural (though now a clouded) focus, which, had the Fall not occurred, would have been gradually gained without any obscuration. They then saw one another naturally but, having sinned, with shame at their nakedness, and felt, even in the ordained good of marriage, a sense of loss. The troubled voice of ancient Eve spoke through the lips of Patmore's own naive little daughter when she asked, "Father, is not marriage a rather wicked sacrament?"

Patmore had always loved definite and distinct utterance, and, like all mystics, detested impalpability. But the man who wrote in his youth:

... Beware
The Powers of Darkness and the Air,
Which lure to empty heights man's hope,
Bepraising heaven's ethereal cope,
But covering with their cloudy cant
Its ground of solid adamant—

became in age a shade too fond of exaggeration and paradox. His apophthegms, thrown out in fine frigid prose, grew more and more audacious, and the catholicity of his teaching was flawed by a touch of the esoteric. It is the fate of every misunderstood teacher. He proceeded to an extremity of daring from which he himself shrank when, on the advice of that remarkable poet, Father Gerard Hopkins (who was filled with consternation when he heard that his advice had been acted upon), the manuscript of the "Sponsa Dei" was burnt. Because of this, Patmore's thesis can be known in its completeness only by inference.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

TAX-BURDENS AND PROSPERITY.

THE American people have been going to school again during the past three years. They have learned from experience some elementary facts relating to business depressions, unemployment, and inability of incomes to meet expenditures. From the heights of war-time inflation, with its abnormal demand for the products of farm, mine and factory at high prices, with labour fully employed at the highest wages on record, and merchants unable to fill orders for many lines of goods, the United States suddenly descended into the depths of industrial and commercial stagnation. What was termed a "strike of the consumers" greatly diminished the free flow of commodities through the usual channels; lessened buying by the merchants; left manufacturers with large unsold stocks; and the vastly-diminished purchasing-power of the 40,000,000 people living on American farms promptly resulted in involuntary idleness for hundreds of thousands of workers who had been busy in mills and factories. From this extreme reaction from conditions of general prosperity there came a gradual recovery; demand for commodities steadily increased, and unemployment practically disappeared. Yet Government reports and business statistics show that the volume of production and commerce is still below the maximum reached a few years ago; and there are not lacking indications of possible recessions in buying-conditions that may long delay complete recovery.

One of the lessons learned in the school of experience has been a recognition of the simple truth that industry and commerce depend upon effective demand, which, of course, depends upon ability to produce. From the viewpoint of the manufacturer the problem of continued prosperity has appeared to be that of efficient production—improved machinery, skilled labour and competent management. That problem has been solved to the extent that in practically every important line of industry the capacity to produce far exceeds the present demand. When the goods are made they must find a market. The export-trade, if developed under favourable conditions, will take care of part of the surplus. How shall buyers be found for the large remainder?

The answer that has been slowly shaping in the minds of those who are willing to be taught by experience is: by increasing the purchasing power of the 100,000,000 consumers. So the real problem turns out to be, In what way can these all-important persons, the ultimate consumers, be enabled to buy more goods? Clearly by an increase of income; that is, by cutting down the percentage of their wages or salaries that is now devoted to other purposes than buying things. In his search for possibilities for saving money that ought to be used for necessities, comforts and luxuries, the American consumer is beginning to suspect that the chief drain on his resources that limits his ability to buy, is taxation—national, State and municipal. He does not see this very clearly as yet, but more and more he is coming to realize that the chief reason why he buys less than he needs is the heavy burden of direct and indirect taxes that take so large a percentage of what the average man or woman earns. It is this recognition of the relation of taxation to income that has brought the question of taxes to the front as a national and State issue. Everywhere the people are complaining and protesting against the enormous increase in tax-burdens, as compared with those of eight or ten years ago. How those burdens affect the average citizen, farmer, manufacturer, merchant or worker can readily be seen.

The menace to the public welfare involved in the oppressive burden of taxation that productive industry is forced to bear, is graphically presented in a recently completed report on Taxation and National Income made by the National Industrial Conference Board. If this report could be read by any considerable number of American voters it would arouse them to a realization that of all issues now confronting them that of taxation is easily the greatest. Yet though it has been widely distributed to the press very little attention has been paid to it, and such editorial comment as it has evoked seems to have missed the essential point—that by confiscating a large percentage of the people's possible savings tax-exactions are checking the accumulation of needed capital; and, by decreasing purchasing power, are limiting industry and trade. This failure to impress upon their readers the necessity for an immediate turning away from the path of governmental extravagance may be ascribed in part to the fact that the average editor prefers to deal with subjects in which his readers are interested. It is doubtless true that the great majority of the American people are not interested in the problem of taxes. Why this is so is to be found in the indirect methods by which most taxes are raised, that conceal from the average citizen the extent of the sums that he is paying.

It is customary to speak of the real-estate owners, great corporations, or the recipients of large incomes,

as "the taxpayers," forgetting that in the great majority of cases the tax they pay is passed on to some one else. Too often the misgovernment in great cities is ignored by the bulk of the population, because of their inability to realize that they are in reality the taxpayers. The worst feature of present crude and ill-adjusted systems of taxation is their failure to bring home to those who really pay the taxes the elementary principle that all taxes are forced contributions of wealth produced by labour and capital. If instead of the various indirect taxes—customs-duties, internal-revenue taxes, imposts, assessments and levies on income—governmental agencies were to send a collector around once a year to demand payment of a sum equal to the annual tax-bill, there would be a storm of protest that would be effective in checking public expenditures for a horde of officeholders and unproductive tax-eaters. Until the people are educated up to the point where they see that practically all taxes now levied are a drain upon wealth, they may not be expected to take an active interest in movements for economy and retrenchment.

The reason why indirect forms of taxation have always been popular with lawmakers is clear. By imposing duties on foreign goods, for instance, the tax paid by the importer is shifted to the merchant, and, with a profit on the tax, to the consumer. It is not necessary here to discuss the relative advantages of protective tariffs and free trade. The tariff is merely used as an illustration of an indirect tax that ultimately increases the price, not only of the taxed imported article, but also, to a very large extent, of similar articles of domestic production. This may or may not be a sound economic policy, but it is certain that if instead of imposing a tax paid in money upon foreign goods, a large percentage of the imports themselves were taken at the custom-house for public services, it would be apparent that the consumer, and not the foreigner, paid the tax. Estimates of the cost to the American people through the protective system vary widely, but assuming that domestic prices are increased by only one-half of the tax on foreign goods, the total difference will amount to several billions of dollars annually. Most of those who pay these higher prices due to taxation are unaware that they are paying far more than the Government receives as revenue.

The chief defect of all indirect taxation lies in the concealment from those who ultimately pay the tax of the extent to which their income is depleted by higher prices for what they buy. There can be no hope for a sound public sentiment that will demand and insist upon materially reduced taxes, so long as the tax-burden is covered up in higher rents or dearer goods. The millions of city-dwellers who have for the past four or five years been complaining of the greatly increased rentals for houses or apartments do not think of themselves as taxpayers, though a moment's reflection would show them that the tax on buildings is paid by the tenants. The taxes on industrial and commercial corporations, and on banking institutions, are popular because they appear to be paid by the wealthier classes, but are actually paid by the general public in the added cost of goods, or slightly higher rates of interest.

If the American people are not interested in taxation, they at least are interested in the amount of their income, and its worth to them as expressed in terms of buying power. The relation of earnings to taxation are shown in some pertinent figures from the report of the Industrial Conference.

The exhaustive analysis by the National Industrial

Conference Board of statistics covering local, State and Federal expenditures shows an increase in total tax-burdens from \$1,382,000,000 in 1903, to \$8,363,000,000 in 1921. The ratio of taxation to national income is shown to be from 6.07 per cent in 1903 to 16.7 per cent in 1921, an increase of 275 per cent. A large portion of this increase was due to Federal war-expenditures and interest on war-loans; but there has also been a steady increase in taxes levied by local and State authorities. The Federal tax-burden has advanced from seven dollars before the war to more than forty-one dollars in 1921 for every man, woman and child in the United States; while the local and State taxes of every kind have increased from seventeen dollars per capita in 1913 to thirty-seven dollars in 1921. The percentage of taxation to income varies widely in the several States, the highest being New York, which pays 17.2 per cent in taxes of all kinds; while Texas, the lowest, pays 7.4 per cent. These figures are, however, misleading, unless it is remembered that owing to its position as the financial centre of the country New York City paid a very large percentage of the Federal income and excess-profits taxes, much of which was doubtless earned in other States.

The per capita taxes were also highest in New York State, with a total of \$148.36 for each inhabitant; followed by Massachusetts with \$125.35; Delaware, \$124.41; Rhode Island, \$115.25; and Michigan, \$105.71. Computed on the basis of five persons to the average family this means, in the case of Massachusetts, for example, a tax of \$626.75 per family. In this calculation there is no allowance for the possible effect of such indirect taxes as the tariff in increasing prices of domestic products, which if taken into consideration would show a still larger amount paid annually by the average family in taxes, or as the result of taxes. Conclusions drawn from averages do not always fairly represent actual conditions, since it is evident that in the theoretical family of five sometimes more than one will be earning an income; but after making allowances for this varying factor there remains the serious situation that the average family in Massachusetts must pay in taxes the startling amount of more than \$600 annually. Taken in connexion with the fact that the income of the great majority of the population is little more than enough for subsistence in a state of modest comfort, these figures show the extent to which the purchasing power of the average family is diminished. No one believes that taxes can be avoided. They are in a large degree paid for public services; such as schools, street-paving, water-supply, fire-protection, etc. Yet it may seriously be questioned whether the vastly increased outlay for public purposes during the past ten years is justified by underlying economic conditions; and it is very doubtful that lawmakers would continue to provide new channels for lavish expenditures if the tax-paying voters realized the ultimate effect of extravagant policies.

What that effect is upon the average citizen and the general prosperity can be seen by imagining that with taxes reduced one-half each family in Massachusetts would have \$300 more annually with which to buy things. Some part of this amount would be saved, to furnish capital for industrial, commercial, or building enterprises. The greater part would be spent for goods, thus directly stimulating production, and giving additional employment to workers. The gain that would come from lower taxes would quickly be manifested in a greater volume of trade, with resultant benefits to all concerned. The European nations that

complain of industrial depression and commercial stagnation are beginning to realize that their condition is chiefly due to destruction of wealth by war, and loss of buying power through the burden of war-taxation. That ignored person, the average American, is confronted in a lesser degree with conditions brought about by excessive taxes and defective methods of taxation. What he thinks about them is likely to be of importance to national and State law-makers in the near future.

WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

A VISIT TO MADAME PELE.

WE washed the dishes after our picnic supper; we locked the door of the cottage that had been loaned to us, and then—our casualness seems incredible to me now—we went off to visit Madame Pele.

But you do not know who Madame Pele is. She is a goddess and the most manifest of goddesses. Said an old Hawaiian lady whom we saw on another island, "that was when we worshipped stones and Madame Pele," and her tone implied that she had a certain worshipful feeling for her still. Pele was the fire-goddess of these volcanic islands; she was thought of as living in the crater of the volcanic Kilauea. But the distinction between the goddess and the place she lived in has been lost: Pele now is Kilauea; and when an Hawaiian speaks of Madame Pele, he means the active volcano.

Ours was a very great privilege, for we were going to see Madame Pele at her grandest. We had been given a homesteader's place that was in the actual neighbourhood of the goddess. We had supper there; we washed the dishes and we closed the door, and we went off to visit Madame Pele.

Pele's story is the epic of Hawaii. Once, while in her spirit-form, she saw and she loved the handsome prince, Lohiau. She sent her youngest sister Hiiaka to fetch the bridegroom to her. While her sister was away upon her errand, Pele broke faith with her. She destroyed the *lehua* groves that were sacred to Hiiaka, and she changed Hopoe, Hiiaka's friend, into a *lehua* tree. Hiiaka brought Lohiau to her sister's court. But then, seated with him on the ferny brink of the volcano, in revenge for what her sister had done to her, she invited and received the bridegroom's kisses. Then the rage of Pele burst forth. She overwhelmed Lohiau and turned his body into a pillar of rock. She convulsed land and sea. Indeed she would have brought the whole world to ruin if it had not been for the intervention of Kane, the Earth-shaper. That was the sort of goddess that Pele was.

Well, on the night of 3 April we made our call upon her. And the approach to her court was unforgettable. The double lights of the car showed the giant ferns that bordered the way; ferns fathom high and fathom broad. And then we came out on a level expanse, black and level, a silent sea of lava made up of various flows. Long before that we had seen the red haze that was in the sky above the crater.

Everything in Hawaii has an element of the dramatic. But the sight of Kilauea in near-eruption is surpassingly dramatic. The molten lava was within three hundred and fifty feet of the top. And what a setting was there for a volcano's activity!

The crater is an open bowl, roughly—and yet not very roughly—circular. The inner court of the Pennsylvania Railway Station would fit within it. And it is open, mind you! One has to climb no peaks and go down through no funnels to it. Around the volcano's fire is a perfect amphitheatre.

It was this that impressed me most about Kilauea; this

amphitheatre that one is aware of as one comes up to the volcano, an amphitheatre that is lighted up by a strange theatrical lighting. This lighting would be the triumph of a theatre; it makes the markings within the great bowl appear like seats for a vast and solemn audience, an audience that must remain silent through the mere effect of the lighting; a hushed audience in a great amphitheatre.

Then you look below. There is a surging as of a sea. It is the rising and falling of the fire-fountains, the flowing of the fire-rivers; a sound of continuous surge. There is black and there is molten gold. A great, fiery-golden river, with floes of black upon it, goes through the molten black. The floes break and melt away. A fiery fountain rises and falls. Tracks of fiery red go through the blackness. Black and red, red and black, are the colours shown below.

The black, as it is lighted up by the fountains that rise out of it and the rivers that flow across it, is as impressive as the fire. Dragons of molten gold crawl across it, dragons and serpents. No wonder one imagines silent spectators in the amphitheatre. For what they are there to look upon is the beginning of creation, the great Fire Play. Look through a telescope at the rivers and fountains, the tracks and the flashes of fire, and you will believe that you are viewing astronomical phenomena of fires radiating and darting from a planet in the making. Solemn the amphitheatre seems; it is lighted from below. The red-golden fire rises and falls in fountains upon the floor of blackness; rivers of fire flow, or, like dragons, crawl across the floor of molten lava that cracks, melts and falls away like cakes of ice in a thawing stream.

The night is the proper time to look on all this, but daylight is a time to look again. Before one comes to the crater one sees a great expanse that looks as if it had been cleared by giants for the making of a giant's garden. Miles and miles have been levelled; rough clay and earth has been left in mounds upon the clearing, and plants and ferns are carelessly coming up. A terrific clearing! Then one comes upon the lava, a great hard sea of blackness with steam mounting through interstices in it. We go to the pit and look down. The fire is not golden now; it is red, Mephistophelian red, and I realize how sinister fires can look. The fires here are indeed the fires of Mephistopheles, the fires of the Earth Spirit. This is *ka piko o ka honua*, the navel of the earth. And because it is the navel of the earth Pele chose it for her dwelling-place.

PADRAIC COLUM.

THE CHICKEN-WOMAN AND THE HEN-MAN.

I HAD just moved into my summer cottage on the bank of a lake in northern Michigan, when a large, angular, raw-boned woman drove up to my door.

"I am Mrs. Peel," she said. "I live in the village. I raise chickens, and would like to supply you."

"Very well," I answered, pleased to have chickens brought to me instead of going to outlying farms to get them, "you may bring some every Saturday."

Promptly, every Saturday morning, Mrs. Peel appeared with the chickens, received her money, and departed. She was a dour-faced woman. Her heavy iron-grey hair was brushed tightly back and twisted into a knot, above which set, or rather stood, a straight-brim black hat, trimmed with a faded bunch of lilacs. Her dress, of faded brown sateen, was full in the skirt; the tight-fitting basque buttoned down the front; new sleeves had replaced the old, and these were several shades darker than the rest; neither collar nor cuffs relieved the sombreness of her attire, but the high neck was fastened with a quaint agate

brooch. Her feet, clad in heavy, flat, black shoes, looked determined as she deliberately climbed back into her wagon.

One Tuesday I wanted a couple of chickens, so I drove into the village and stopped at Mrs. Peel's house. It was a wooden building which had once been brown. There was a door in the centre, and the dirty windows were bare. There was no ornamentation inside or out. The veranda was covered with dust, the boards rotting, tufts of grass growing in the corners, and neglect was evident in every feature of the place. I knocked—no answer; again—no answer. I looked through the curtainless window into the parlour-bedroom which seemed to be the only habitable room in the house, except the little lean-to kitchen in the rear. Then I pounded on the door. Mrs. Peel appeared promptly from the lean-to.

"Can you let me have a couple of chickens to-day?" I asked.

"No, I can't," with a disappointed air, "mine are running loose. I can only catch them when they are shut up at night." Then, hopefully, "To-morrow won't do?"

"No, I'm sorry, but I want them to-day."

"Well, maybe Mr. Peel can let you have them. I'll run over and see. He lives just around the corner. Set down on the stoop there and wait for me."

I sat on the "stoop," idly meditating, "Peel—Peel; two people by the same name." She returned in a few minutes: "Yes, Mr. Peel says you can have them. They'll be ready in half an hour. He lives in a little house, the second one, just around the corner."

I found "the little house, the second one, just around the corner." It was nothing but an unpainted shanty but, all about, restrained by a wire netting, were scores of chickens, so I decided that this must be the place. I knocked at the door and, as it opened, my glance took in the interior; one room, not more than twelve feet square, an uninviting-looking pallet on the floor, a kitchen table, a kitchen chair, and a small oil-stove, with some hooks and a shelf above it for the food and cooking utensils; this was all the room contained.

"Is this Mr. Peel?" I asked, and my eyes travelled down to the man in the doorway before me. He was very small, with a twisted protruding hip, and his arms were too long for the rest of his body, but he had the merriest blue eyes I have ever seen. His face and hands were just the colour of his khaki shirt and trousers, which were not too clean, and from the former of which several buttons were missing. He doffed his once-white straw hat, and replied: "Yes, and your chickens are all fixed." Then, in an anxious tone, "I've some mighty fine hens, good for soup; wouldn't you like some?"

"Yes, I would. You might bring me a couple the last of the week." His face lighted up: "I'll bring 'em Saturday."

The next Saturday, and many Saturdays thereafter, Mrs. Peel brought me my chickens, and Mr. Peel brought me my hens. They came together in the same antiquated spring wagon. They sat, side by side, on the springless seat; she, with the reins in her hands, towering above the mild creature who seemed to shrink away, and look more insignificant than ever in contrast. She took her money and he took his, and then she climbed back into the wagon, lifted up the reins, and seemed to wait impatiently until he gaily clambered up beside her. Off she drove without, as far as I could see, indulging in any conversation with the merry-looking gnome at her side.

"Curious," I would murmur. "Her name is Peel; his name is Peel; I wonder what relation they are. He's her brother-in-law, perhaps." For awhile, this tentative solution satisfied me but, one morning, when she had climbed into the wagon, and he stood just below the porch

making change, my curiosity suddenly got the better of me.

"What relation are you two?" I asked. He looked up at me, and his eyes danced.

"You want to know what relation we be?"

"Yes." Then, after a glance over his shoulder, to make sure that Mrs. Peel was out of ear-shot, he raised himself to his tip-toes, and answered me thus: "Well, we war husband and wife, but we hain't none."

"You 'war husband and wife but' you 'hain't none,'" I weakly echoed. "How do you make that out?" Only the balustrade of the porch prevented his coming still closer as, with another glance over his shoulder at the occupant of the wagon, he whispered: "Divorced."

This was certainly a surprise to me, for I had not supposed that divorces had penetrated to this simple little hamlet: "Well, you seem to be on very friendly terms for a divorced couple. That's all I can say."

Then, in his ordinary voice, which was a bit wistful and appealing, and seeming to take delight in the thought that she *might* hear, he said: "Oh, she's all right as a neighbour, but a damn bad wife. And, besides, it's cheaper to take her round with my horse and wagon and get her trade than to pay her alimony."

For several years this went on. In fact, it came to be a family joke. "The Peel wagon is at the door. It must be Saturday," we would often remark. Other times I rarely saw Mrs. Peel. She seemed to spend most of her time "back of the house"; but I saw Mr. Peel frequently. Always, he snatched the battered old straw hat off his head, and he greeted me with a strange twinkling smile, for all the world as if he were guarding a secret, and chuckling over it. I often wondered what that secret was.

A summer came when Mrs. Peel brought me the chickens and the hens. I did not see her but, in the kitchen, she dropped the laconic remark: "He's dead." This was the only time she ever mentioned him, but from the villagers I learned a little more about him. He had lived, summer and winter, in his little shanty, with only a kerosene stove for cooking and heating. His chickens ran in and out during the summer and, if one were ill during the winter, he took it in and warmed and tended it. Early one bitterly cold morning, neighbours saw flames in the direction of his hut, but they reached it too late. Underneath the embers they found what was left of Mr. Peel. Then they told me that "Mrs. Peel had a tidy sum put away and wouldn't let him get hold of it, but did let him use her horse and buggy, and often drove him to and from his customers." Perhaps this was the secret that he chuckled over. It may have pleased him to give me the impression that he was conferring the favours.

When next I saw Mrs. Peel, the faded lilacs on her hat had been replaced by a new black bow, and I thought she appeared a little less aggressive.

HELEN SWIFT.

THE WIVES OF KING SOLOMON.

III. FIRE TO WOOD.

AVIA, the first wife of Solomon, was not kept waiting long for his third wife. All too soon after the second did he bring her. Not as queen wife but as concubine, for she was a slave, the daughter of unknown parents. Among the handmaidens of his mother the Queen Bathsheba he saw her, as he stood at a window gazing out into the courtyard. Through the courtyard and toward the garden she was hastening—a short red-haired maid. But her gait was a dance and her movements were music. Her red hair curled about her like tongues of flame, and her reddish skin seemed to burn upon her.

When Solomon espied her, he was quickly kindled; and when she vanished into the garden he stood aflame. He

hurried after her, and found her among the flowers in the garden. She was caressing them, drinking in their fragrance, and embracing them. She gathered them and adorned her hair—white blossoms and red—and still she was singing and dancing, shedding light about her, and warmth and joy. And when her eyes fell upon Solomon near her, she did not cease her singing, nor the swaying movements of her body. Only from her eyes there shone forth a gleam of laughter that soon flooded her whole face and poured itself into her song. And when Solomon came closer to her, her laughter rang out like the tinkle of thin glasses of crystal, and suddenly she turned and fled from him.

Solomon at once started after her, and dropping his long coat in his haste, he pursued her over flowers and hedges, among trees and bushes. Fleet-footed, she would often vanish from his sight where the shrubbery was thickest, but her laughter, pealing forth unceasingly would betray her hiding-place. And then again, Solomon's approach would drive her from her nook, and the hot pursuit would start anew. And it was most strange to see the tall, stately, bearded man, Solomon, the King's wisest son, pursuing, as wildly and passionately as the most abandoned, the little red-haired fire-skinned slave, the daughter of obscure parents. And when, in a dark thicket, he finally captured her—hot, burning, laughing—the King's son stooped to the slave and raised her to him and made her his wife, his concubine.

And when he brought her to Avia his first wife, he said, "See, I am bringing you my third wife. Tell her what you know about the nature of man." "And," he added with a taunting laugh, "I am true to my word, I am bringing you wives and you must follow my behest and disclose what you know so well."

Avia looked upon the little red-haired one who stood immersed in her own sunny laughter, nestling close to Solomon. And the heart of Avia was heavy, and she was downcast and weary as she said listlessly, "A woman is to a man as the spark of fire to the kindling wood on the altar."

"Is that all you can tell us?" asked Solomon.

"Is she your last wife?" replied Avia.

And Solomon laughed, "I doubt it, and already I am curious to know who will be the fourth and what you will say to her."

DAVID PINSKI.

(Translated from the Yiddish by Anna K. Pinski.)

WE HAVE THEM WITH US.

Whether we like it or not,

Whether it is Americanism or isn't,

We have them with us:

Greeks, nebulous shadows of Athens and Attica, Syracuse and Thermopylae; whose blood is blood diluted of Plato, Socrates, Thucydides, Aristotle ("scum of the earth!");

Italians, faint and indistinct echoes of Rome; imperial Rome, Rome of the Cæsars and the other big fellows who made Rome great and long the dominating political power of the world;

Japs, Chinese, Poles, Dutch, Germans, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Russians, Jews, English, Irish, Spaniards, Turks, Armenians, Hindus, Negroes.

Whether we like it or not,

Whether it is Americanism or isn't,

We have them with us;

These, the peoples of the Old World, of differing tendencies, heredities, traditions, religions;

Of differing economics;

Of differing views of government;

Of differing morals.

Here they are, in the midst of us. We brought them here; our industries and corporations and politicians lured them to our shores with glittering promises of happiness and prosperity;

And the Statue of Liberty welcomed them at our portals, with its flaming idealism, its passionate, eloquent, beautiful humanitarianism and its preaching of Brotherhood.

We brought them here;

We are to blame; we are responsible;

We who are the one-hundred-per-cent-Americans.

We built this nation, painted the picture and framed it, And opened the doors and pulled down the fences,

And shouted: "Come on over, everybody! Come on over, Europe! Come on over, Asia, India, Africa! Come on over and share our prosperity! Here dollars grow on trees; here you can find liberty and all the good things of a rich and bountiful earth. Come on over, to the land flowing with milk and honey!"

We did this thing;

We sowed the wind

And are reaping the whirlwind.

What are we going to do about it? Have a sudden change of heart, decide that our policy has been wrong, and then proceed to deport our alien inhabitants;

Or persecute them,

Boycott them,

Isolate them like small-pox victims?

What are we going to do about it?

Attempt to turn back the Clock of Time;

Re-establish the puritanism of New England,

The sectarianism of a generation ago;

And make America exclusively for Americans—

That is, for just native-born, white, Protestant Americans?

It won't work!

It will drive us into anarchy;

It will precipitate us into civil war;

It will tear down all that we have built,

And plunge us into ruin and chaos.

The blackest, darkest facts of history

Are race-hatred and religious intolerance.

Look at the Thirty Years' War!

Recall Cromwell and the Roundheads!

These are still smouldering embers

That, fanned and fed, will burst into flame;

A conflagration that shall consume even

America, great as she is, like a hungry onrushing prairie fire.

What are we going to do about it?

Attempt to turn back the Clock of Time?

It won't work!

Already we have a new Americanism in the making,

A new character in the moulding,

A new race developing;

New ideals, new economics, new politics, and even a new religion in the shaping.

What are we going to do about it?

You can't sweep back the ocean with a broom;

And you can't circumvent Destiny.

Come, you third-degree Yankees and straight-jacketed Puritans and Pilgrim Fathers,

Limber up a bit!

Come, think less about the "Mayflower" and more about the new Ship of State which is tossing just now in a stormy and uncertain sea!

Don't rock the boat;

Don't let her spring a leak,

Or break a mast,

Or lose her rudder,
Or rip her sails!
Don't play the part of the mutineers who gave Columbus
no end of trouble and wanted to turn back because they
knew there was no land ahead!
Use the telescope of thought;
Think the thing through;
Look confidently and with faith into the future, and be-
hold! you shall see the dim outlines of a new continent,
a new world, even a new Nation;
The America that is to be!

ALBERT R. FISKE.

MUSIC.

AT SALZBURG.

THE Chamber Music Festival at Salzburg this year has been a very business-like affair. On the one hand there have been the works of the various composers, played sometimes with a truly critical detachment; on the other there has been a solid phalanx of critics, producing an atmosphere against which the more ephemeral and spontaneous part of the audience fought in vain. There has been a striking absence of any extraneous grace calculated to please the camp-followers of music. There have been no great figures pleased to recognize and be recognized. The composers themselves have stayed away with a self-control which one must admire. They have had their reward; for if it was disappointing to miss the Festival, it might have been still more disappointing not to miss it. There has been, indeed, nothing either to cry or to cry out about. No new reputations have been made, and hardly one has even been lost. Nothing could witness more strongly to the true prudence of revolution in modern music.

The keynote of the whole affair at Salzburg, indeed, has been carefulness; a carefulness in music almost as extreme as that of Mr. T. S. Eliot in poetry. This prudence among contemporary composers may be the sign of one of two things: the wish not to appear to take a flagrantly false course in the jungle of modern music, where natural paths have not yet been found; the conviction that one has not seen any path at all with certainty, for certainty gives boldness and the liberty to divagate with confidence, knowing that there is something to return to. To one or other of these causes the appalling expedience and tentativeness of the bulk of the chamber music heard at Salzburg must be set down. One demands from revolutionaries a few thumping and fruitful errors; errors which are the more useful the more open and even deliberate they are. But the reception given to the immature but sincere and promising string quartet of the young Englishman, Mr. W. T. Walton, showed that prudence and mediocrity were what the critics were looking for. Smiles were circling round the hall freely as Mr. Walton's quartet (very badly played) unrolled its somewhat unexpected length; while on the other hand works so dull and safe as Erdmann's sonata for violin and Dresden's sonata for flute and harp were listened to not only with patience but evidently with sympathy. What is the right thing and what is not has already been settled in modern music; and the right thing is obviously to avoid as narrowly as possible, by what ingenuity one can use, the perpetration of perfectly ordinary old-fashioned music. The more ingenuity one has the more narrowly and the more surely at the same time one avoids this. These remarks, of course, do not refer to men like Ravel and Schönberg

who have already had their revolution, made their path and found their style; nor to men of true vitality such as Messrs. Arthur Bliss, Stravinsky and Hindemith, who please us as much by their boldness as by the way in which they carry it off. Perhaps in a festival so truly revolutionary as this, the virtue of boldness, being so unexpected, gave one, by the power of contrast, a greater pleasure than it would have given in the ordinary course of things. Stravinsky, at any rate, had nothing to show but four vigorous and convincing jokes for the string quartet, which pleased one by their verve, and which, after fulfilling their purpose by putting one in a high good humour, one immediately forgot. Among the younger composers Hindemith this year again came off best with a quintet for clarinet and string quartet; a work which showed convincingly that a real seriousness of mood is not incompatible with revolutionary technique. It was indeed his seriousness—the fact that he was not merely revolutionary—that distinguished his work from the bulk of that played at Salzburg. Ravel's sonata for violin and violoncello, sufficiently well known, was the most perfect and delightful of all the works selected by the International Society for Contemporary Music; and Schönberg's "Fifteen Songs by Stefan George" showed his usual intellectual and psychological power and his sureness and beauty of line. His work was, within its limits, the most completely satisfying of all, if one acknowledges that these limits, if not narrow, are peculiar. His music is a kind which has become almost entirely psychology, following with scientific exactness the psychological line; following it analytically, that is to say, and not lyrically.

But he is the least tentative of modern composers, and the atmosphere at Salzburg was pervasively tentative. One felt oneself too continuously in the realm of experimentation, and of specialized experimentation. To make one experiment at a time, and that as small a one as possible, seems in music to be the order of the day. Now this results, it is true, in a diversity which keeps things open; and to have this diversity and not be committed gives a sense of freedom which, while it lasts, one can grudge nobody. But that it can continue for very long is inconceivable. After experimentation, however unwelcome, music must at last come. It has not appeared decisively yet. There has been very little connexion, except in their tentativeness, between the various schools represented at Salzburg. Nothing more diverse than the new formalism of Busoni, the "verism" of Castelnuovo-Tedesco and the new *naïveté* of Milhaud and the Six could well be conceived. They all seem to be incongruous, not only with one another, but with themselves. By some curious trick of fortune Castelnuovo-Tedesco's modernization of Debussy seemed more antiquated than its original; while Milhaud's infantilism seemed the more modern, the more sophisticated, the more it sought to recapture simplicity. It came off worse than anything else on the programme; and the Frenchman who called it music "*pour deux doigts*" probably pronounced the final criticism upon it. But one would have to be very naïve or very modern indeed to be taken in by French *naïveté*.

It is the fate of experimenters to be misunderstood continuously while they are experimenting; and no class, on the whole, deserves more sympathy or gets less. Other people do not see the object of their search; they often do not see it themselves. They obtain partial results; but these, instead of being praised as at least being results, are condemned because they are partial. This happens, too, in the nature of things;

men like to have things complete; the incomplete displeases them simply because it is a half-way and they do not know, having begun the journey, where the end lies. The incomplete is an offence against the essential rational part of man. Nevertheless, experimentation is one of those things which are almost always valuable; it is a form of labour in which the errors as well as the successes are useful. Providing one is interested in the subject one obtains something from both. Some such philosophical consolation as this was required at Salzburg; for while many of the works presented had no value whatever as music, they had all, more or less, some value for music, as essays, successful or unsuccessful, in a greater freedom, as tentative guesses to find out what is possible and what not. But I guard myself in making this daring statement by premising that there are negative as well as positive values. The chief fault in most of the works was that, being experimental, they were not nearly bold enough. A great deal, one felt, after listening to so much that was tentative and timid, might be done by anyone who made no attempt at all to write "music," and who went in for pure experiment, untrammelled by any consideration for tradition, new fashions, the critics and the various schools which have sprung up in the last few years. But boldness of this kind is probably as rare as genius; probably even more rare. Modern music has not yet produced it; but Salzburg and the International Society for Contemporary Music are hardly responsible for that. They are doing what they can; "they deserve encouragement."

In the way of executants every other nation at Salzburg was better served than England. There was, in one case at any rate, a very good reason for this. The French musicians were selected by their Government, and paid by them to represent French musical technique and taste at Salzburg. Even in the matter of culture France does not wish to appear foolish in the eyes of foreign nations. Perhaps the French Government regard their policy as propaganda, in which case they show common sense; perhaps they have a disinterested regard for culture. In any case the result is good.

EDWIN MUIR.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

YOUTH AND THE BRITISH LIBERALS.

SIRS: In addition to the suspicions and questions you raise, in the *Freeman* of 29 August, in your answer to the signals of distress of the British liberals, I think some further comments can be made on their cries for help.

It is not apparent that they have learned the important lessons of the war, because they cry out principally against France's brutality in taking her "pound of flesh." While they admit the perniciousness of the various peace-treaties, one gathers that their complaint lies rather in the inability to enforce them than in their inherent evil. They say that, excepting France, all the signatories to those treaties, especially to the Versailles treaty, are opposed to the French method of execution. I doubt that statement. Of the Great Powers only Germany and Great Britain are opposed to France, Germany because she is the gored ox, and Great Britain, I fear, because she is not allowed to do the goring. But, at any rate, nowhere in the appeal of our British liberals do we see a vision or outlook, except perhaps that silly desire for co-operation with the League of Nations.

They are hopeless when they appeal to America. I presume that they desire effective help, so I dismiss the thought that they may be appealing to American liberals and assume that they are addressing us as a nation. They say we were disinterested in the European slaughter. That is not so.

Pernicious influences identical to those that plunged Europe into her misery were here working to plunge us into the maelstrom, and they had ready all the savants and machinery for the purpose. Had it been better business to have aided Germany and her allies, our treasure, labour and men would have been put to work to do so. We had no clean hands or hearts when we went into the business, nor have we now. Neither ethically nor politically were we any better than these British liberals; and as for our disinterested vision—well, let them ask our neighbours on this hemisphere about that! No, there is no hope from the American nation; and if our British friends expect that by frittering their time away with American liberals they can force their own politicians to behave, well! I am sure we can at least send them a boatload of our best wishes.

But there is a way out; and if as Americans we felt as we ought, as our British friends do, we would go humbly to the youth of our country and admit our failure to make it a place fit to live in. We would, of course, have to open our hearts and minds fully and ask Youth to guide us from the pitfalls and snares which we created. Youth's instincts are right and are not yet contaminated. What very little judgment we had we would freely give, but under no circumstances could we assume the right to lead. We would have to confess error, humbly, from the platform, stage, newspapers and in books; and in every way possible make our woe heard. We would trust leadership to Youth which is the only force that can overthrow and destroy our noxious creations. I am, etc.,

New York City.

EUGENE SCHOEN.

BOOKS.

THE DIANIC CULT.

UNDER the title, "Hill Hawks of Pennsylvania Still Believe in Witchcraft," in a recent edition of the *New York Times*, we are informed of a degenerate community of mountaineers amongst whom the practice of witchcraft is regarded as a "legitimate . . . though admittedly evil performance." Another title, "Among the Hills Where the Witches Live," appeared some days later in the *New York Tribune*, heading a report of a similar state of affairs in an isolated region of the Cumberland. Since in this day popular fury is less concerned with offences against God than with offences against government, the mountain devil-worshippers will probably be left to their unholy pursuits without further notice from the outside world; but those of us who are interested in survivals may here discern the last straggling upholders of a great and strange religious heritage in which Druidical worship, classical gods, and Christian ritual are curiously intermixed.

The prevalent modern notion dismisses witchcraft as a chimera of Christian religious fanaticism which occasioned the torture and death of thousands of innocent persons. Innocent, that is, in the sense that those accused as witches belonged always to one of the following classes: victims of personal or popular spite; men and women whose idiosyncrasies, senile ugliness, or physical peculiarities made them the objects of superstitious fear; insane persons; neurotic or hysterical persons who believed either *ab initio* that they had intercourse with the powers of evil, or whose suggestibility impelled them to believe this after accusation.

This is a hasty and specious view of witchcraft; to hold it one must either disregard entirely the great mass of well-preserved evidence or embrace the theory of sheer coincidence to the point of absurdity. For, while we can not believe that old women rode through

¹ "The Witch-Cult in Western Europe: a Study in Anthropology." Margaret Alice Murray. New York: Oxford University Press. \$5.35.

the air on broomsticks or enchanted their neighbours' cows, the dicta of common sense with regard to the supernatural attributes of witchcraft must not preclude serious consideration of the attendant facts which point to the actual existence of a witch-cult. Vastly more important than the charms or spells of witchcraft is the validity of its long-neglected claim to recognition in the field of comparative religion. The true course of approach is a middle one. To use a modern example, we may dispute the authenticity of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's photographs of the fairies—with their ballet skirts and little wands—and at the same time believe in the reliability of the kodak, in the anthropological theory that the fairies are the mythical survivors of an ancient dwarf race, and even in the integrity of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Religions die hard. Long after the coming of the first Christian missionary from Ireland, British paganism, an obscure merger of Druidism in the invading cults, flourished quite in the open side by side with the new religion. It flourished so well, in fact, that it was not until many centuries after Augustine's mission that widespread activity against the old cults was undertaken by the Church. Then, too, the Anglo-Saxon invasion had almost undone completely the work of the early Celtic Christian missionaries; and the later quarrels and controversies between the Celtic priests and Pope Gregory's emissaries, though based on purely ceremonial differences, did much to retard conversion. While Roman Christianity gradually strengthened its foothold in the island, it "lived and let live"—both from force of circumstances (the missionaries were in no position to command) and because the tolerant Gregory had instructed Augustine to persuade rather than threaten. The conversion of the population was accomplished indirectly through the conversion of the kings, many of whom practised, or sanctioned the practice of, the old rites during their reigns. Loyalty to his ruler determined the subject's outward profession of belief.

In consequence, a part of the people was Christian, a part openly pagan, and the rest hovered between both: there grew up an interplay—a fusion in some respects, a clash in others—between Christianity and the worship of the old gods. Although paganism was fast losing the struggle for supremacy, it began a strategic retreat into the more remote rural districts, its stronghold; and as it retreated, left the minds of the newly converted Christians subtly permeated with the memories of their ancient faith. While our knowledge is most scanty concerning the exact nature of this ancient faith at the advent of Augustine, the general assumption is that, as a cult of fertility celebrated in groves and temples, it had become largely a religion of joy. Certainly, it had little to do with eternal damnation, the mortification of the body, or the sins of the flesh; it is conceivable, therefore, that among the Christian converts there was an extensive though concealed preference for the merry festivals of paganism over the difficult salvation and gloomy ceremonies of the new theology. That this preference took tangible form is proved by the many ecclesiastical decrees dating from the seventh century onward and directed at the clandestine performance of heathen rites. The decrees, by their gradual change of tone from mild exhortation to definite command under penalty of death, indicate the steadfast persistence of underground paganism throughout Britain and Western Europe. As the old worship, under pressure, withdrew farther and farther from its status as a legitimate religion, it degenerated into a sort of secret and pariah

society; in the thirteenth century it suffered final and complete relegation to outlawry; and in 1484, by the famous bull of Innocent VIII, the Church gave apostolical authorization to a long series of bloody persecutions.

In "The Witch-Cult in Western Europe"¹ Miss Margaret Alice Murray has presented a most painstaking and erudite study of a little-known subject. To be sure, the literature of witchcraft is voluminous, but it consists almost wholly of the biased opinions of two opposing camps of writers, of whom Miss Murray says: "Between the believer who believed everything and the disbeliever who disbelieved everything, there has been no critical examination of the evidence." This lack she remedies by a careful comparison and linking-together of the testimony recorded at a great number of witch-trials. As an anthropologist, she is without the customary sentimental attitude toward the accused, and is disposed to look for a substratum of truth beneath the obvious uniformity of the evidence, at the same time seeking always to reduce the supernatural to terms admitting of a rational explanation. She has not undertaken a comprehensive investigation into the dim past of witchcraft; she is chiefly concerned with its appearance in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as a vast secret religion "with beliefs, ritual, and organization as highly developed as that of any other cult in the world."

The deity of the cult was incarnate in a man, a woman, or an animal; the animal form being apparently older than the human, for the god was often spoken of as wearing the skins or attributes of an animal. At the same time, however, there was another form of the god in the shape of a man with two faces. Such a god is found in Italy (where he was called Janus or Dianus), in Southern France, and in the English Midlands. The feminine form of the name, Diana, is found throughout Western Europe as the female deity or leader of the so-called witches, and it is for this reason that I have called this ancient religion the Dianic cult.

Although the cult was existent throughout Europe, it seldom extended its organization and activities beyond regional limits. The local affairs of each congregation were managed by a governing body of thirteen—the Coven—and several congregations united at the witches' Sabbath to do homage to the incarnate god of the district. It must not be inferred from this that the witches were polytheistic, but the physical presence of the god was required at each Sabbath, and it is manifestly impossible that one man could have served the whole cult in this office—invisible omnipresence is one thing, visible omnipresence is quite another. Moreover, the very nature of the cult, its outlawry and secrecy, rendered impossible any intercommunication worthy of the name; and, while this was a great weakness in the system, it obviated controversy and dissension within the "church." In short, international influence and significance as an organization was achieved through the secret homogeneity of small, independent units, rather than by open obedience to a single supreme ruler or hierarchy.

The cult was open to all ages and both sexes; in France, especially, there were large numbers of youthful adherents. Membership was acquired through birth in a witch-family, initiation occurring at an early age, or through the proselytism of the god or his followers. The initiate was required to renounce his former faith, though he could outwardly profess it in order to avoid suspicion, and to swear complete allegiance to his new god. Miss Murray points out that the witches, far from regarding their master as

the enemy of their salvation, held him to be the only true god, who created them and would cherish them throughout eternity. His title of "Devil" originated with the Christian inquisitors, in whose eyes every pagan god was the opponent of Jehovah and, therefore, a demon. True, the witches themselves made frequent use of the term, especially in later times, but always in a loose way; and this fact is chiefly important as an indication of the way in which the cult became more and more a general inversion and mockery of the Christian worship as time went on. "Devil" and "Prince of Hell" were not synonymous in the Dianic sense; and the god, though he demanded soul and body from his devotees, drove no Faustian bargain which made hell-fire the price of temporal power.

Most interesting is the specific testimony concerning various Dianic gods—or devils. Not infrequently, it appears, these gentlemen were Christian clergymen; there is strong evidence that, on several occasions, they sat on the bench at witch-trials; and there is a clear case of one—Francis, Earl Bothwell—who was an aspirant to the Scottish throne. Nearly always they went about the duties of their secret office in complete disguise, hence the witches' descriptions of cloven feet, black garb, hairy appearance, etc. Whether or not the true identity of the leader was known to his followers does not seem to have affected in the least the security of his position or the weight of his authority: the witches allowed him fully as much mystery in the performance of his wonders as other sects have allowed other gods. Often they went to the gallows or stake for him with the same quality of courage that inspired the Christian martyr to face the terrors of the Coliseum.

The assemblies were the Sabbath and the Esbat. The former was orgiastic in character and evidently a corrupted survival of earlier festivals of fertility. The latter was purely a business meeting attended only by the Coven and held, usually, in some member's house. To the members of the Coven Miss Murray attributes most of the performance of operative witchcraft, i. e., the casting of spells, blighting of crops, raising of storms, and other dreadful phenomena. Of course, any member of the cult was at liberty to work a charm or to stick pins in the wax image of an obnoxious neighbour, but it is very probable that the laity, in the manner of laities, progressed little further than regular attendance at the Sabbath, leaving the mysteries of the faith in the hands of the hierarchy. This responsibility was not without great disadvantages, however, for it was nearly always the men and women of the Coven who were reputed to be witches and eventually brought to trial.

Little need be said of the animal "familiars." The descendants of these harmless pets are with us to-day, especially on our back fences, and we have all had ample opportunity to observe their occult possibilities. Animal-metamorphosis Miss Murray explains as a belated trace of ancient animal-worship. Fantastic tales of personal experience in animal form were recounted by members of the Coven, evidently as a part of their professional equipment, and further embroidered by contemporary commentators: the fact that the god often wore the skins of animals lends support to the author's explanation of these tales.

Miss Murray's survey is suggestive of modern parallels. Incarnate gods are still a feature of many primitive religions. In Tibet living Buddhas preside over the lamaseries; and small indeed is the gulf between the human deity and the sorcerer, medicine-man, or prophet. The Dianic god-man is a messianic

type well known to psychology; our own land abounds in messiahs, archangels, and avatars, and only a few are confined in asylums. Nor is the Jekyll-Hyde existence uncommon. As to the tendency toward secret organization and hidden rite, consider our college fraternities and zoological brotherhoods, with their pass-words, grips, and oaths; consider the nocturnal gatherings, the spectral disguise, the grotesque hanky-panky, and the Imperial Wizards, Dragons, and Whatnots of the Ku Klux Klan! Many American citizens worship by rolling on the floor, others gather of a Sunday to enjoy the "Gift of Tongues," and still others seek the favour of God by fastening their clothes with hooks and eyes instead of buttons. The Sabbatical rites reveal that, with respect to his female votaries, the Dianic god placed fully as much emphasis on the surrender of the body as of the soul: at the present writing there is at least one Christian cult—under civil investigation—wherein the fair of the flock receive from their leader various consolations not altogether spiritual.

The analogies do not end here, but, in fact, the author does not need them to support her views; for she has ventured no assertion that she can not strongly substantiate. She progresses in orderly fashion over ground that she has first cleared. Her documentation is thorough, her bibliography extensive; and if her conclusions are startling it is not because they tax credulity, but because they are new. She has made many valuable suggestions for further exploration, but to her is due the honour and credit of discovery.

JAMES L. DWYER.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

SINCE the publication of the *Life* by Henry Adams in the "American Statesmen" Series more than forty years ago, the figure of John Randolph has been invested with something of a sinister cast. The work of the New England historian is so malicious and ill-natured that one would scarcely suppose it could have been taken seriously. Accepted however it has been, by historians, politicians and moralists; and John Randolph has been written down ever since as the incarnate spirit of malice, as one of those blacklegs in American annals whose name is to be mentioned only with reservations. Did Henry Adams feel it incumbent upon himself to repay scores for an ill-feeling that the old John Adams did not wholly feel, and that his son John Quincy did not have the wit to return? It seems that such must have been the case. John Randolph had often sneered at the Yankee school-master, the founder of the line, and at the icy diarist who became the sixth president of the United States. This humourless, conscience-bound, proper, hymn-singing New England family had watched long and helplessly the deportment of the scintillating Virginian; and the time had come to voice the hereditary disapproval; to present Randolph as he really was, or as the Adames thought he was, as a mad Virginian squire, a veritable Don Quixote, who wasted his life meaninglessly and wrecked the hopes of his good friends—in short, an irrational, irritable creature, who could not appreciate the stern virtues, respectability and solid achievements of the Adams line.

We have been compelled to wait a long time for the balance to be restored; but it was worth waiting for Mr. Bruce's volumes.¹ The Virginian society which John Randolph graced was not, as Adams had it, merely provincial. It was one of the finest flowers of our brief American civilization; and Randolph's fault seems to

¹ "John Randolph of Roanoke." William Cabell Bruce. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$10.00.

have been that he loved the dominance of his class and desired to see the perpetuation of its power and glory in American life. His life-long fight is the story of a fruitless attempt to preserve the pre-eminence of that little world; and with his passing there came to an end an epoch in American culture. The South of wide landed estates, of a cultivated aristocracy, the South that Virginia typified and led, gave place to the South of the Cotton Kingdom where Negroes were bred for and exploited in the Black Belt of Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Of this old South, and particularly of Tidewater Virginia, Randolph was the political champion. Thanks to an extraordinary personality he was able to keep Virginia's claims before the world long after its real glory had faded.

Randolph was an eccentric; irascible, bitter-tongued, sometimes, too, in later life deranged in mind. His wit was biting, and was feared and respected by all his associates, friends and foes. He drank to excess, tortured his body with drugs, and cultivated violent modes of physical exertion. But in spite of such a seemingly enormous catalogue of disabilities he glowed with a rare effulgence. In sickness or in health, when he was gentle, as he alone knew how to be, or cruel, as he appeared to John Quincy Adams or Henry Clay, there was an air about the man. He was one of those remarkable people who can never seem ridiculous. One calls to mind the posturings of the young Disraeli with his outlandish raiment and carefully-oiled curls. Like Disraeli, Randolph was always a public character and rather complacently lived his life in the full public view. Both men were indifferent alike to popular disdain and approbation. But here the similarity ends: the Englishman was a great politician; the Virginian none at all. Disraeli knew how to bide his time and wait for his day of triumph, no matter how late. Randolph had neither the patience to wait nor the mental equipment for the political game. As a statesman he was plainly a failure. Yet he occupies, paradoxically enough, an important place in the political annals of his day.

As a Virginian aristocrat we are to envisage him. His conception of the Republic was that of a rather simple polity of land-owning squires entrusted to the care of amateurs like himself, pure of motive and zealous for the preservation of the liberties of the individual. It was taken directly from the pages of Plutarch, from the Athens of the sixth century or the Rome of the Gracchi; it could have nothing to do with foreign aggrandizement, servile mercenary armies, secret entanglements and intrigues. It was founded on a straightforward, wholly self-sufficing society whose roots were deeply implanted in the land; and it was strengthened philosophically from the writings of the English Tories, Bolingbroke and Burke. With such preconceptions the young Randolph first entered the House in 1799. He gave his allegiance heart and soul to the Jeffersonian Democrats who, by their attacks on a strongly centralized State, indicated how keenly they felt the necessity of the continuance of the Virginian ideal. Up to 1806 Randolph loyally and brilliantly served his party. After 1806 it may be said that he was practically the only Jeffersonian Democrat alive. The exigencies of the situation made that rather apparent. To the ruling politicians it was plainly evident that not Virginia but rather the North and the new section of the West were becoming representative of the Republic. Progress, that progress which Jefferson had learned from the writings of the Frenchmen, Turgot and Condorcet, was in the air. For the nation to advance to splendour and greatness—and who did not desire such a consummation?—one had to expand to the West and the South, Indians, Spanish, and English notwithstanding; one had

to build up systems of communication, and encourage an aggressive mercantile and economic development. If necessary one had to go to war—as occurred, indeed, in 1812. The old safe and easy-going provincialism was left behind and a flamboyant nationalism became the passion of the day. For this apostasy Randolph never forgave his former political associates. From 1806, when he broke with his party, until 1829, when he passed finally from the legislative scene, he remained on the floor of Congress to taunt his erstwhile friends on their faithlessness.

After having been the floor-leader of his party, Randolph thus became a lonely individual, an opposition of one. He had lost all hope of political influence: it was his destiny henceforth never to complete any legislative scheme of constructive importance. He had no allegiances and no ties. In a system of party-government this, in the case of anyone else, would have meant political oblivion; but Randolph remained the most dreaded figure of his generation. His tongue was so keen, his gift for oratory so fine, his learning and memory so wide and exact, that his attacks on the floor of the House were as fearful to the politician of the day as the dreaded moment of political eclipse itself. In the exercise of a cruel invective tempered by the play of a vivid imagination he has scarcely had an equal. Henry Clay he once had the temerity to characterize as "this being so brilliant yet so corrupt, which, like a rotten mackerel by moonlight, shined and stunk." In short, Randolph was a free-lance, a self-appointed censor of the virtue and honesty of the legislating fathers, proceeding about his unpleasant task with the acerbity of a Juvenal or a Swift. It is as if Mr. Mencken to-day, with no other wish than the preservation of the Republic, together with his profound knowledge of political quackery and his contempt for the shabbiness of the average politician's soul, should, having had himself elected to the floor of Congress, proceed to terrorize the waking and sleeping moments of his fellow-legislators, by, if you please, the simple expedient of telling the truth on every plausible and awkward occasion. This was really the nature of Randolph's method; and of course, too, it was the reason for his failure as a politician. He was no dialectician, as from the nature of their callings both politicians and theologians must be. His honesty was so translucent, his fondness for truth and his hatred of cavilling so ingenuous, that it is the very essence of irony to contemplate his public career.

Only once did it appear that Randolph would emerge again as the leader of a real faction; and that was in the struggle over the admission of the State of Missouri. It was a brief, flickering moment between darkness and silence. To Randolph the principle of State Rights meant the perpetuation of all the things that were dearest to him: it was for this that he had fought so long and with such bitterness. New leaders, new issues were to the fore, however. It was the work of the South Carolinian, John C. Calhoun, to gather up the remnants of Randolph's really noble creed and make of them a motley cloak to cover the hideous institution of economic slavery. With the new South after 1820 Randolph was not in tune. He stood alone, a savage-tempered man watching his world decay about him.

Had Randolph entered any other sphere than that of politics he would have met with a success far greater than was ever to be his lot. His gifts were remarkable; his letters and his diary show a spirit and a keenness of observation that might have advanced him far in literature. But politics was the pursuit of all well-born Virginians, and Randolph followed it as a matter of course to fore-ordained failure. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, forgot Virginia and cultivated the favours and

the glory of the young Republic. He first and last kept his allegiance to his mother State and always looked with a certain disdain upon the nation; it smacked too much of Yankees and brutal Western pioneers. It was his achievement to lead the fight for Virginia and his lot to die, still fighting, a Virginian to the end. There was nothing contemptible in this. In fact, as we contemplate the fruits of the labours of those who were pitted against him, we are compelled to admit that Randolph's ideal was in certain respects the loftier one.

LOUIS MORTON HACKER.

A GUIDE FOR POLITICIANS.

MR. CORNFORD treads lightly, after an interval of three hundreds years, in the footsteps of John Earle. His witty analysis of the academic world is contained in a *lepidus libellus* of only forty-eight pages all told, and Mr. Cornford justifies his choice of a title by demonstrating that politics in the university are remarkably similar to politics throughout this orderly and lawful cosmos. His catechumen is the young man in a hurry, a typical reformer, imbued with the belief that the university is susceptible of improvement by political means: the warning that is addressed to him is one mass of wisdom. Witness the following bit:

I shall take it that you are in the first flush of ambition, and just beginning to make yourself disagreeable. You think (do you not?) that you have only to state a reasonable case, and people must listen to reason and act upon it at once. It is just this conviction that makes you so unpleasant. There is little hope of dissuading you; but has it ever occurred to you that nothing is ever done until every one is convinced that it ought to be done, and has been convinced for so long that it is now time to do something else? And are you not aware that conviction has never yet been produced by an appeal to reason, which only makes people uncomfortable? If you want to move them, you must address your arguments to prejudice and to the political motive, which I will presently describe.

The next chapters deal with the academic parties, their caucuses, and the methods of acquiring influence; and the theoretical part of this treatise is concluded by a brilliant discussion of the principles of government, of discipline (including religion), and of sound learning, and by the promised statement of the political motive. "The principle of Discipline (including Religion) is that *'there must be some rules.'*" If you inquire the reason, you will find that the object of rules is to relieve the younger men of the burdensome feeling of moral or religious obligation." If this be expanded to include the feeling of intellectual obligation, it represents adequately the set but unconscious purpose of the legislation which has flooded our American universities.

The political motive, upon which the practice of politics depends, is fear; and the methods of exploiting fear are treated under the three heads of argument, the conduct of business, and squaring. Perhaps the best thing in this section is the paragraph in which Mr. Cornford proves that "nothing should ever be done for the first time." Or else it is the definition of "college feeling," which "like other species of patriotism consists in a sincere belief that the institution to which you belong is better than an institution to which other people belong." The essential feature of squaring is that there is "no connexion whatever between my supporting your Job and your supporting mine."

The universality of Mr. Cornford's manual is not in the least injured by the fact that his scene is laid in Cambridge University. On the contrary, his allusions to the Senate House and the King's Parade serve to soften the

shock to our pride and our prejudices, and allow his wit and irony to do their deadly work of illumination before our instinctive mechanism has had time to put up the screens which shelter us from knowledge of ourselves. Prophets would always get on better at home if they did not insist on terminating their stories with a *de te fabula*; and Mr. Cornford, if not a prophet, is an authentic descendant of the serpent in the Garden of Eden. His irony is a delight in itself, but beyond that it has a function of making us ashamed, and so of violating the vast, Olympian academic peace of mind—

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly.

The method by which this irony operates is not novel; nevertheless it is not easy to persuade men to eat the apple of self-knowledge, and the way in which the difficulty is surmounted merits more scrutiny than has yet been devoted to it. If one may make a guess upon so delicate a subject, it is not unlikely that one of the principal functions of irony is to dig out of our subconscious minds the discreditable and selfish motives which we keep hidden, and to state them nakedly as the justification of our acts. Poetry relies upon a kind of enchantment to take men out of themselves and subdue them to the poet's vision: irony relies upon surprise, upon catching us unawares and proclaiming the truth before the truth is drowned out again by the din of our constant and fraudulent righteousness. In this particular case, we are dealing with the academic world, which is full of people wearing intellectual old clothes, the rags and tatters of antique belief, betraying the ravages of everything but thought. Among their most precious possessions they count a kind of reproductive shrewdness, which has induced them to take active measures to suppress the aptitude, occasionally perceptible among their young, to doubt whether all is for the best. The most active measure they have yet devised is the university, as the university is now constituted. The university generates self-satisfaction with a vigour and continuity that indicate the admirable success of its design. A richer field for the practice of irony could hardly be imagined; and Mr. Cornford has made an excellent beginning. He deserves all the more honour because, as Bergson said in one of his wisest moments, "it is a notable fact that the more dubious is the value of any art, the more its devotees tend to believe themselves invested with a holy office and to demand that the public kneel before its mysteries." Mr. Cornford, however, is not a professor of education. He is a classical scholar, a philosopher, and an ironist.

R. K. HACK.

A POET'S NOVEL.

It is always interesting to read a novel written by a poet. In his "Memoirs of a Midget" Mr. Walter de la Mare succeeded in permeating his prose narrative with the rare and peculiar magic of his verse. In the same way Mr. Padraic Colum has stamped the pages of "Castle Conquer"¹ with unforgettable traces of his own chaste and simple genius.

"Castle Conquer" is a rambling romance of an old-fashioned kind. From first to last it presents the simplicity of the country-side. It might have been written by a plough-boy, by a turf-cutter, by a rook-boy, provided always such innocent penmen had received upon their brows, like a pentecostal blessing, the incommunicable gift of imagination. It is not in the main construction of the story that this precious quality reveals itself, but rather in a thousand indirect references and chance

¹ "Microcosmographia Academica: Being a Guide for the Young Academic Politician." F. M. Cornford. Cambridge, Mass.: Dunster House. \$6.00.

¹ "Castle Conquer." Padraic Colum. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.

digressions; the rightful heritage, one might suppose, of a poet whose mind has been continually receptive in a brooding way to those more significant aspects of life which are the same in all countries and in all ages.

As we pass from chapter to chapter we seem to be brought in actual contact with the soil and sod of Ireland. We feel the gusty Atlantic winds sweeping over those green fields which no sun ever parches, no frost ever nips; we see the black bogs, the long roads, the secluded bohoreens; we hear the sharp splash of the long-legged heron as it rises from its solitary dyke. There are passages that have about them a most singular grace; small intimate glimpses of the country that assail one's power of appreciation like the sudden smell of bog myrtle after a long sojourn in a city.

The whin-bush she sat under was high as a laburnum tree, bush over bush it grew, each bush a bouquet of golden blossoms growing so close together that a bee could hardly break through them.

Night was coming on, the geese cackled now and then, and they shook out white wings as they went past the stack of black turf in the gathering dark.

And then the birds were at their first songs; there was a double cuckoo note even, for a cuckoo before the house and a cuckoo behind the house called, and their notes blended.

The story contains also certain periods that have in them the very accent of that wild and strange mood which we have come to associate with the beautiful and ambiguous word "romance." Only a poet, and a poet with a clairvoyant sense of reality, would have dared to put on record such retrospections as those of old Martin Jordan the night before his eviction. The sackful of heather-tops had been brought down from the attic for Francis Gillick's bed; the trembling hands of the old man had emptied the meal into the black pot, and then, "like the sod burning up again, so his old life showed itself. He told how he was harvesting in Kerry, and how a ship with a black crew came into the bay, and how he found the captain's yellow lady picking posies in the field, and how he had approached her and found her not unwilling." In just the same indirect way the description of the melancholy, over-grown, park-like garden of Castle Conquer creates that particular feeling of forlornness which often descends upon places of pleasance fallen into disuse and decay.

Laurels and rare shrubs overgrew the driveway. Beach trees with great boles and splendid branches made a vista. . . . He saw a thing moving where he looked—a gleaming neck going among the dank nettles, and then another, and another. Peacocks! How strange to see them in this wild place!

And how admirably Mr. Colum has portrayed the figure of Paddy Sharkey, "with his cow's horn in one hand, and three dead crows, their claws tied together, in the other hand"! What an unpredictable burden for the fool to bear and yet how suitable, how oddly convincing!

The plot of the story is sufficiently straightforward. Francis Gillick, an idealistic youth who carries with him the stigma of being a "spoilt priest," comes to stay at Honor Paralon's farm. Honor Paralon has two daughters, Brigid and Ona, and both the girls fall in love with their romantic visitor. Francis is attracted to Brigid, the elder of the two, but their relationship is complicated by the young man's revolutionary obligations which take the form of resisting the tyrannies of Jookin de Courcy, the Lord of Castle Conquer. Eventually one night when Honor Paralon is away their love is consummated. "In the middle of the night a blackbird cried out in the bushes near. It was wonderful and startling, as their being together there was wonderful and startling."

Alas! this is not the only sound which disturbs them during those happy hours. There is also the crash of the gunshot which murders the steward, Jonathan Woulfe. Suspicion falls upon Francis and he is only saved from the gallows by Brigid announcing her shame at the trial. The Counsel for the Crown asks her how long they had been together on the fatal night; "She lifted up her head and said, 'He was with me from dark until daylight.'"

The story ends with Castle Conquer in the hands of the Republican army. But at the last Padraic Colum forgets all partisan spirit. The following quotation is a noble example not only of the author's fine and simple prose but also of the magnanimous and philosophic temper of his mind:

Then it seemed to him that he had known all who had gone this highway, and knowing them had sorrow for them all—for those who had gone proudly by in grand coaches, and for those who had lain in the ditches with murderous thoughts, watching them go by; for those who had ridden hunters with hounds following them, and for those who had been driven from the lands that the hounds coursed over, and who looked on the huntsmen from desolate doorways: for those who had delved into the uplands there and for those who had gambled them away between a midnight and a morning; for the heavy-browed trooper of Oliver Cromwell and the mighty swayer of the broadsword who had resisted him to the last; for the man of the broken clann, for the betrayer of his people carrying his chief's head as a token of submission, for the emigrants who carried in their ears the people's *caoine* for their going, for the banished men and the men who judged them. All, all were alike held in the memory of that land, and one for the sake of the other.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

AN AMIABLE AMATEUR.

IN his foreword to "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom,"¹ Mr. Marsh tells of a woman he had first met at the Grand Canyon and again on the boat to China. She had said to him, in the course of their conversations, "If there's a single word that comes to my mind more forcefully than any other, it is tolerance. Be sure you understand before you condemn." At Shanghai, the lady was mysteriously lost to the author; and he concludes his foreword: "If the boy has acquired any understanding of the world at all, he owes it in no little part to the lady in scarlet, and though she must, by the commonest courtesy, be for ever nameless, he hopes that this will come to her hand, and that she will feel that life has not been so utterly in vain as she might otherwise be tempted to believe." Be it known then, to the lady in scarlet, and to other ladies as well, that, without grudging Mr. Marsh his quick sense of feminine appeal, one hopes he will not interrupt his next volume with passages which sound, for all the world, as if he were at regular intervals rising to his solid New England feet and toasting the ladies, God bless 'em. The Japanese geisha girl, according to Mr. Marsh, is a "much misunderstood little woman." As for the Manchu women, they "have really lovely complexions of the glowing peach variety. . . . I have often been tempted to bite the cheek of a Manchu woman to see if it were really flesh and blood."

The average Chinese woman [he goes on] is not physically so appealing as the Caucasian. At least, to begin with, one is not aware of her physical charm. First, she exudes a spiritual vapour as enticing as it is mystifying. The Chinese women wear their soul on their sleeves and have not thereby become less pure. But their bodies, those despotic organs of man which so often are his masters, instead of his servants, are hidden away in mazes of shimmering silks so that

¹ "The Charm of the Middle Kingdom." James Reid Marsh. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. \$3.00.

beautiful women radiate spiritual emanations, which, strangely enough, are far more seductive than physical ones.

While I can not resist quoting these Victorian passages, I gladly turn from them to passages more in the tune of the book as a whole and more to the author's credit as a dispassionate observer and an orderly stylist. He speaks of the "savage folk" in Annam, "who, to tell the truth, are not half so barbarian as a Saturday night crowd in Scollay Square." When it comes to religion, he notes that "the Chinese fear their devils," and that "we don't even fear our God." He notes also that "China is fast putting away her devils, an example set her by the Western world"; and he wonders, "Who will give her a God?" On the other hand, after describing a Confucian service, he records: "If this is not worship, I thought, then there is not a God." He makes elsewhere an observation wiser, perhaps, than he realizes: the fact "that Chinese cosmogonists fail to construct a theological heaven should in no wise cast a slur on the depth of their creative imaginations. Being of a people eminently practical they saw no need to exercise their fancies merely for fancy's sake." There is a pertinent passage, too, in connexion with one of his "damsels":

'Why is it that I am so content?' I asked her, commencing the conversation.

'Perhaps it is the peacefulness of Christmas,' she answered, feigning solemnity.

'No,' I said, 'It is not that.'

'Then what?' she queried, looking up at me with rich interest flushing her satiny throat.

'It is the feeling that I am akin to you, to your people, instead of just a barbarian from over the widest sea.'

'I have not felt that way before, O Westerner.'

'Then you, too, are experiencing it, Pak-koi?'

'I think it is because spiritually you and I are so childlike. What did the great teacher write? "The child's heart and the man's mind, poetry and philosophy: this is God."'

Here Mr. Marsh has almost put his finger on the pulse of the Chinese race, that pulse of inner calm which has sustained them through the centuries, a people of whom he may well say, "they bend but they do not break." A people who fundamentally rely, for content, upon what is demonstrable in life as a whole, are not a people who can be shattered by the collapse of individual hopes or temporary illusions. Facing and acknowledging the irony of life, they accept what it offers of good as outweighing what it imposes of ill. They do not say it is all good, an entire heaven at hand but erroneously realized; nor do they say it is all bad, to be balanced by a heaven hereafter. The masses of the people in China, as everywhere else, are loaded with superstitions under the name of religion; but they take the religion with more salt and more humour than people elsewhere; and, in the main, poetry, philosophy and humour play a greater part than religion in keeping their spirits harmonious. The upper classes, with the exception of recent Christian converts (who include, appropriately enough, a number of the leading militarists) are without religion, or, as they would put it, above religion. "Religion," one of them said to me, "is only necessary for ignorant and immature races or individuals." Truth, to the Chinese thinker, is not only of more importance but of more comfort than the most affecting fantasy; and this dependence upon truth, shared in varying degrees among all classes, is what has kept the Chinese alive as a people, and able to transmute and absorb the spirit of their conquerors—even the spirit of Mr. Marsh.

Perhaps a longer stay in the world will temper Mr. Marsh's judgment, not only of women, but of opium, for instance. Like many foreign residents in the Orient, he gives nonchalant testimony: "So far as I have been able

to determine, opium has never had the effect on China that beer has had on the Germans, or absinthe on the French, not to mention whisky, which is now openly prohibited, in the United States." Perhaps Mr. Marsh will need to study in his own country the question of opium. The Chinese, by vigorous and extraordinary efforts, and in spite of British duplicity, have been able so to reduce the growth and use of the poppy that, among opium-smoking countries, China now stands fifth or sixth. The United States overwhelmingly takes first place, and India second. On this account, Mr. Marsh's light anecdote concerning the introduction of opium into China by the British and Japanese may be of interest not only to American readers, but to American officials. A Russian asks him:

'Do you happen to know the treaty-rights on Indian cotton?'

'What has cotton to do with the drug?' I questioned blankly.

'Just this. Indian cotton, by treaty-stipulation, goes into Shanghai baled. Which means that it is exempt from examination. Of course, one of your officers can run a steel probe into a bale. I must correct my grammar. He may run it in, if he can. Did you ever attempt to run a probe into a bale of Indian machine-pressed cotton?'

I wagged my head in negation.

'Well, it can't be done,' he said. 'So we simply introduce a quantity of the stuff into each bale. Did it never strike you as odd that so much Japanese cotton is transshipped into India, rebaled there, and finally consigned to a treaty-port? Every one of those bales carries opium or worse. But that is the big method. The lesser ones are more amusing.'

'If you are not too tired, go on,' I intercalated.

'Hardly a coal-tender goes through but what contains, buried far beneath the coal, a bit of coagulated poppy juice. We give the engineer and stoker a number of pieces of silver. Nature does the rest; human nature, I mean. Why are so many Japanese women travelling up and down the line? Because they have such a gorgeous sufficiency of hair.'

In this phase of imperialistic penetration, as in other details, military, commercial, social and financial, Mr. Marsh has only glimmers of the perception which his tolerance ought to give him. It is probably because his tolerance is still almost as callow and romantic as that of the boy who met the lady in scarlet at the Grand Canyon.

Happily, Mr. Marsh's complacency is so young and so gay that it is easily forgiven; and his brisk comments and inquiries are of decided interest to a Westerner. His book is charming evidence that the most distinguished country on earth can take a young man out of himself into an air larger and richer than he would normally breathe. If his youth does not perish in the employ of the Customs Service, if his tolerant spirit is not warped through association with foreign residents more toughened than he against the wisdom of the East, he is likely to write still better of China next time.

WITTER BYNNER.

WAR-MEMORIES OF TWO ITALIANS.

ON some persons a crucial experience has the effect of bringing to light hitherto unsuspected traits of character. In other cases such a crisis merely throws into clearer relief what have always seemed the individual's dominant qualities. Both these results appear in two volumes of war-reminiscence, Gabriele D'Annunzio's "Notturmo"¹ and Alfredo Panzini's "Diario Sentimentale."² The former describes the months which D'Annunzio spent as an invalid in the effort to save an eye injured in his aviation-adventures during the war. In solitude the craving for

¹ "Notturmo." Gabriele D'Annunzio. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

² "Diario Sentimentale." Alfredo Panzini. Milan: A. Mondadori.

expression reasserted itself; and lying in enforced darkness he laboriously traced the journal of his sensations and progressive states of mind. The result is a record of extraordinary vividness. D'Annunzio's power of registering physical impressions was isolated and fixed on his immediate experience by his circumstances. Accordingly we find here unforgettable pictures of the tortures and nightmare-visions of a dying optic nerve, the delirium of insomnia, the crushing tedium of long confinement. Memory, too, took on in this time of bodily inertia an increased activity and power. In his seclusion the past appeared to D'Annunzio with startling clearness as a landscape viewed from the depths of a tunnel reveals itself in sharpened outline and colour. Yet it is not for their freshness of sensuous impression that these recollections are chiefly interesting; they disclose what at first seems a new D'Annunzio. Unfamiliar traits of tenderness and moral fervour emerge in these confessions of a soul suddenly immured with itself after the shock of public and personal disaster. His mind turns back to his boyhood in the Abruzzi. The aspect of the familiar rooms, of the mountains and seaside fields of that early time is recalled in the close detail of a child's vision, yet touched with the poignancy of distance. The same strength and sincerity of emotion set before us the child himself. The magic of his first perceptions of beauty, the black hopelessness of his first sorrow live again in these pages. With even more exquisite fidelity is pictured his first great love, that for his mother, in whose death he first understood the frustration of all life. This feeling of inexorable doom again sweeps over him with the thought of certain friends lately killed in action; a sorrow that is saved from despair by his belief in the moral exaltation of their service for their country. D'Annunzio's enthusiastic conception of modern warfare is such that as we read of his experiences we are lifted to a free wind-blown height of lightning thought and action, of gay stoicism in the face of destruction. It is in voicing the patriotic spirit behind this daring that "Notturmo" reaches its emotional climax.

Yet the new D'Annunzio revealed in this book is after all recognizable on close scrutiny as essentially the old D'Annunzio of the poems and dramas and of "L'Innocente" and "Il Fuoco." These latter have been called deliberate self-portraits. However that may be, their heroes undoubtedly exhibit the fundamental traits of character from which all D'Annunzio's writings spring, and which reappear in a fresh form in "Notturmo"; an exquisite, almost morbid sensory consciousness and a tendency to continual submersion in certain primary emotional states. What for want of a better word may be termed reflective power is perhaps rarely joined with these qualities when they exist in such intensity. In D'Annunzio's books we see a nature engrossed by its own experience, never transcending that experience in order to relate it in terms of a wider impersonal interest; and this is especially true of "Notturmo." D'Annunzio's lament for the victims of war remains solely an expression of grief for his own friends and compatriots. Similarly his hope for humanity is limited to a victorious nationalism, the triumphant self-assertion of Italy.

Signor Panzini's book, slight as it is, has value if only as the picture of a phase often omitted from reminiscences of war. It consists of daily notes covering the period when Italy was on the brink of war, and public opinion oscillated wildly between Germany and the Allies. In its fragmentary character, with its conflicting observations jotted down hourly in their first freshness, the "Diario" gives a striking impression of that chaotic time. Indeed one can hardly imagine a better qualified witness than Signor Panzini. With his sensitiveness to external cur-

rents, his quick divination of social moods, he is a sort of barometer marking every fluctuation in the atmosphere about him. This talent for spiritual assimilation makes the "Diario" strange reading after "Notturmo." No personal preoccupation narrows or distorts this portrayal of a national crisis. One wonders in reading the "Diario" how far the bent that thus kept the author a mere spectator of the pre-war drama also explains the limitations of his numerous novels. May not this very gift—or defect—of ceaseless perception of the myriad spiritual influences of our time have checked his growth from a fine observer to a truly creative artist?

HELEN ROSE BALFE.

SHORTER NOTICES.

MR. ELLIOT H. PAUL prefaces "Impromptu"¹ with a quotation from Carl Sandburg, suggesting that a story of this sort might conceivably "bother respectable people with the right crimp in their napkins." Indeed, the reader is soon aware that he is in for a number of humiliations, disappointments, and unpleasant experiences. The story, while well told, becomes monotonous in its unrelieved drabness. Mr. Paul seems to have a genuine dislike for his two principal characters, Irwin Atwood and Dorothy Bliss, and to find pleasure in ruthlessly exposing all their little weaknesses and meannesses. The former he sends to France to participate in tawdry amours and become the butt of his comrades; the latter he makes a stupid prostitute. Not once does experience serve these two to the extent of delaying their headlong rush from one calamity to another, but their colourless lives furnish the author with material for some admirable irony. We behold, in the Boston Mother Church, Celia, Dorothy's invalid sister, "testifying" and giving thanks to God for her material welfare—unaware that at that instant Dorothy is making the welfare secure by serving as a "call-girl" in a Fenway brothel. The novel closes on Irwin saluting the flag at sundown as one of the garrison of a harbour fort—unable to find economic independence outside the organization which has contributed to the collapse of his character.

F. G.

HERR DIEBOLD's book² on the development of the newer dramatic forms in Germany provides one of the best and most thorough expositions of "expressionism" that has yet appeared. He is careful to distinguish between the merely faddish part of this movement and that other part which represents a genuine aspect of a world-feeling. Valid expressionism, as he sees it, oscillates between "tragedy" and "divine comedy"; it is against materialism; it is a combination of the intellect and the soul, with the soul uppermost. As opposed to impressionism, which he defines as the passive reception of natural phenomena, it is a reconstruction of nature by the active ego. In Wedekind he finds much of the expressionistic technique, while he considers that dramatic expressionism is the legacy of Strindberg. He attempts to distinguish the various lines of the new German playwrights: thus Hasenclever is presented as a neo-romantic; Kaiser as an intellectual connoisseur; Fritz von Unruh as a neo-classicist imbued with the ethical outlook; Kornfeld as a representative of a new *Sturm und Drang* period. Among these experimenters, he says, it sometimes happens that "*das Mirakel wird zum Spektakel*"; what begins, ostensibly, as a spiritual aspiration may end as a vulgar show. This is a temptation to which the expressionist drama, with its "speed-technique" and its scenic possibilities, is especially open. Yet in so striking a modern morality-play as Franz Werfel's "Spiegelmensch," which might, amplifying Diebold's terminology, be designated as an alter-ego drama, we come upon one of the numerous progeny of "Faust" that is not an unworthy child of its illustrious parent. Diebold interprets the expressionists in their own terms; using the words in his personal sense, he is a critic of soul (intensive, instinctive) as well as of intellect (extensive). He brings to bear upon his study a thorough knowledge of the past balanced by a sympathy for the present which never proves to be a mere surrender. I. G.

¹ "Impromptu," Elliot H. Paul. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

² "Anarchie im Drama." Bernhard Diebold. Frankfurt-am-Main: Frankfurter Verlag Anstalt A. G.

"MEN descend to meet," said Emerson, most quotable of Americans. We find that the intelligent persons of our acquaintance seek to rise when choosing associates, when making new friends. Doubtless Emerson meant that when men form groups they tend towards the level of the average, or of the lowest mind of the group. It is incomprehensible that a Rotary chain can be stronger than its weakest Rotarian, or that a Knights of Pythias lodge can function on the level of the biggest Pyth.

One of the most interesting subjects in a study of mankind is the bases of association: why do men join together as they do, why do they form certain ties, why do they so eagerly give loyalties as we find them manifested? (We learn, for example, that a Rationalists' Tennis Club is forming in North London!)

Men ascend to meet when inspired by an ideal, when attracted by something that is seemingly beyond their capacity as individuals, when urged by a desire for intellectual conquest. That is why no supporters of the FREEMAN are more ardent than readers who admit that the paper, as a whole, is sometimes beyond them. They want a paper that is beyond them. The woods are full of periodicals to which they can descend; it is but rarely that they can be entertained, informed and spurred on as they are by the FREEMAN.

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